

THE SIGN

A · NATIONAL · CATHOLIC · MAGAZINE

What *IS* This Catholic Church?

By HILAIRE BELLOC

The Baltimore Oriole

By DENIS A. McCARTHY

Shopping with the Poets

By KATE STEVENS

Théophile

By A. M. CLEGG

The Quest

By H. F. BLUNT

The Motion Picture Code

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The Atonement of Pablo Molido

By GEOFFREY BRADLEY

Patrick Francis Moran: 1830-1930

By JOSEPH HOLDEN

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The Churches in Politics

THE rather general criticism levelled against the Protestant churches for unwarranted meddling in local and national politics seems at last to be worrying the church leaders. Apparently this is the reason why the Press gave such extensive publicity to the speech delivered by Bishop Francis J. McConnell, President of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, at the Institute of Public Affairs held in the University of Virginia.

"The Church [we should prefer to say 'the churches,' since *the* Church does not interfere in politics,] is not to be criticized for taking part as a Church in the discussion of public questions; it has as much right to discuss such questions as any individual." Thus speaks Bishop McConnell.

Not only do we agree with this statement but we would go further and claim that the Church has the plain duty to discuss public affairs. There are so many things in our social and economic life that touch intimately the needs of the people that the Church has a strict obligation to raise its voice about them. There is nothing in the letter or spirit of the Constitution against fulfilling that obligation. It is in absolute harmony with the teaching of the Gospel.

But this is not the question before us. The question is not concerned with the exercising of rights or the fulfilling of obligations. The question is not whether the Church has certain rights, but how it has used or misused those rights. The underhand, immoral and almost diabolical, tactics, not of hill-billies in Tennessee or Kentucky, but of respectable church leaders both in the North and South in carrying on a campaign of lies, slander and vilification against the ex-Governor of New York is an illustration of what we mean.

Again in the case of Prohibition. No one can reasonably object to the activities of an individual or a group—whether religious group or not—using every lawful means to keep the Eighteenth Amendment in the Constitution and to enforce its enactments to the very letter of the law. What is objected to is that professed religious leaders in trying to accomplish their purpose should resort to the dirty politics, the hideous subterfuge, the downright trickery of which the average ward heeler would be ashamed.

Nor is church leadership within its rights when it practically regards itself above the Law, when it evades giving such information as those in authority have a right to require, when it fails to disclose its political activities or to report its campaign funds and expenditures and when it adopts methods and practices which would not be tolerated by non-religious organizations.

We read in the non-Catholic press that attendance at church is falling off, that many churches and chapels are being closed, that aspirants to the ministry are comparatively few, that thousands of evangelists are without jobs, that contributions to the home and foreign missions are diminishing. What are the causes of this condition? The waywardness of the people may be one cause. The lack of preaching the sterner features of Christ's Gospel may be another. The moral and intellectual bankruptcy of Protestantism may be a third. The chief cause may be, not that the churches are in politics, but that they are in *dirty* politics.

John Harold Russell, C.P.

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Current Fact and Comment

The Maltese Question: Rhode Island Sentinellists

ON THIS page of our August issue we briefly stated the cause of the trouble between Church and State in Malta. Our editorial was chiefly concerned with the character of Lord Strickland as a trouble-maker, and as evidence of that character we cited the testimony of two of his intimate friends—Lord FitzAlan and Sir James Reynolds. As a commentary on the editorial we have received this communication from J. J. Heithaus, D.D.S.

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Your article "The Maltese Question" is written in the quite common refrain of the Church infallible. Not that I question the doctrine in its true sense. It seems it cannot err even in matters other than faith and morals. Like Stephen Decatur's idea of patriotism. Underlying your reasoning seems the usual clerical resistance to what in some vague manner might be construed as interference or infringement of that age-old red herring—the prerogative of the clerical state.

You give a general broadside and have made the facts involved. The facts if I remember rightly are that a certain religious was ordered out of Malta by his superiors and as a British subject appealed to Lord Strickland for support in his refusal to obey. Lord Strickland, a Catholic personality, as British governor sustained this rebellious religious in his disobedience but did so only because the man was a British subject. He accorded him the right due any subject, and religion had nothing to do with it. It was an official action in its entirety.

In my ignorance, I think the governor acted correctly. Any clerical tendency which seems in any way to meddle with national and political rights is irritating at best. A Catholic is held close enough by minutiae of moral laws and does not welcome any further regulation.

These are not the late Middle Ages when an overstaffed hierarchy and clergy had turned all of Europe into a great Roman province and by their living, money exactions, meddling in political affairs and abuse of interdicts and excommunications had created much bitter antagonism and hostility as to bring about not the long hoped-for reform but a complete religious revolution. The wonder of which is that the whole church did not blow up.

An example in this country of a cheap form of bullying was in Rhode Island (I think) where the bishop tried to divert the contributions of a portion of his flock to purposes wholly foreign to the intentions of the donors and not in any way to their benefit. They objected and cited the bishop to a civil court. He magnificently excommunicated them.

He probably was right but the trouble is his flock are painted as rebels while no hint is given of the highhanded disregard of his flock which alone could cause resentment enough to goad them into acting as they did.

PINE LAWN, Mo.

J. J. HEITHAUS.

Before proceeding to answer this communication it may be well to reproduce this letter addressed to the Editor of *The Tablet* (London):

Capel Cottage,
Rutland Street,
Knightsbridge, S. W. 7.

Dear Sir:

Being the only son of the last Squire of Sizergh (from whom the present owner bought the reversion), and as the head of the family in direct descent, may I express in your widely read paper our unswerving loyalty to our Holy Father Pius XI in his present troubles, caused by a member of our family? In place of the bitter controversy now raging, may earnest prayer bring the Maltese troubles to a peaceful settlement and our name once again keep alive the Faith so faithfully handed down by my ancestors.

Yours faithfully,

ROGER W. STRICKLAND.

Now to Dr. Heithaus' letter. Let us ignore the sneers.

The so-called exiling of a certain refractory religious from Malta is not, by any means, the cause of the present trouble in Malta. At most, it was only the occasion of that trouble—an excuse hit upon by Lord Strickland to precipitate a conflict between Church and State. The Catholic Religion is the established religion in Malta. As such it enjoys certain prerogatives. One of these is that the State will not interfere in purely ecclesiastical disciplinary matters. When the refractory religious was commanded by his legitimate superiors to go into Italy two correct courses were open to him; either to appeal to a higher superior in his Order to reverse the command of his local superior, or to quit his Order entirely. He did neither. He appealed to Lord Strickland who, in his customary blundering fashion, immediately took it upon himself to intervene in a matter outside his jurisdiction. The English Foreign Office itself admitted that the Church was right in acting as she did in this purely religious disciplinary matter.

Later when the Maltese Ministry charged that their opponents were working for the substitution of the Italian flag in Malta for that of England, the English

Government had to admit that there was not a trace of evidence for such disloyalty in the opponents of the Ministry. Still later the Foreign Office was requested by the Maltese Government to transmit a request to the Vatican to appoint an investigator into Maltese conditions. The request was granted and Archbishop Robinson was appointed. The English Blue Book publishes a eulogistic report from Lord Strickland as to the thorough way in which he conducted his investigations. Monsignor Robinson was not only acceptable to the Government but was highly regarded by it until he published the result of his findings and issued a verdict absolutely condemning the anti-religious and anti-clerical activities of Lord Strickland and his chief supporters. The Government asked for a verdict, they got it; now they refuse to accept it. In like fashion when the Vatican complained of civil tyranny and religious persecution, the English Government loftily answered that the remedy lay in the Law Courts. The Law Courts have decided that the suspension of the election by Ordinance was illegal; and now the Government is using further powers to prevent the electorate from giving any decision at all.

If space permitted, a great deal more could be said in justification of the action of the Church in the Maltese Situation. Coming now to the *Sentinellists*, we fear that Dr. Heithaus' ignorance of the Rhode Island Question is even profounder, if possible, than his ignorance of the Maltese Question.

THE *Sentinellists* (so named from a newspaper *La Sentinelle*) were not the whole flock of the Diocese of Providence, not even a major portion of it, but were only "a handful of kickers," led by a certain Elphege Daignault. This group was looking for a cause of agitation and found it in the "drive" made by Bishop Hickey to enlarge and extend the High Schools of the diocese. The agitators contended that the High Schools would be used to denationalize the French-Americans. They claimed that the future of the French language was at stake and that the Bishop was intent on destroying it. To make their campaign effective they did not hesitate to indulge in impious and outrageous measures against everything that Catholics respect and hold sacred.

Instead of excommunicating them promptly, as Dr. Heithaus unjustly says, Bishop Hickey displayed remarkable patience. Instead of inflicting the ecclesiastical penalties which the Canon Law authorized him to inflict, he did not excommunicate the delinquents even at the beginning of the Civil Court proceedings. Not only did the Bishop win his case before the Sacred Congregation of the Council in Rome, to which the *Sentinellists* appealed, but the Civil Courts of the State rendered him the handsomest testimony any bishop could desire against the machinations of a contemptible body of malcontents. In three different suits, the Civil Courts confirmed in every point the decisions already rendered by the Sacred Congregation of the Council.

Two Million of Them

UNDER the caption, "Catholic Children in the Public School," the Rev. Joseph J. Mereto has issued a pamphlet through the Sunday Visitor Press, of Huntington, Indiana, on a very timely topic, one which we believe to be of supreme impor-

tance to the welfare of the Church in America.

After an introduction in which he points out strikingly the advantages of a Catholic education, he proves conclusively that there are over 2,000,000 Catholics in the public schools and adds that they about equal the number of those in our parochial schools. "In handling their problem we are not dealing with two million children alone; we are helping or abandoning those, who, if properly cared for, should in the future comprise half the Catholic men and women of our land. To neglect their needs is to neglect the future welfare of the Church in America."

The sad condition of such a large part of our Catholic children is one of the greatest crosses that the Church in America must bear; but if zealous Catholics can only be brought to a realization of the seriousness of this foremost problem confronting the Church and then work hard to solve it, our Church will grow, as it never grew before, sorrow will be turned into joy and our yearly harvest of converts from Protestantism will be but a drop in the bucket compared with the numbers of Catholic children saved from indifferentism, immorality, Communism and damnation.

It is a rapidly growing conviction among bishops and priests of our country that charity and the best interests of the Church require that far more be done than in the past for their spiritual welfare, if the Church in America is to grow, now that immigration is almost a negligible factor and marriages have so much fallen off, while, on the other hand, race-suicide, immorality and an undue seeking of the pleasures of life are destroying the Faith of so many Catholics.

Subsequently the author points out the work that is being done among public school children in Protestant week-day religious education classes, and draws attention to the fact that many Catholics have been enrolled in these classes in some places, but that in other sections a spirit of friendliness exists between the Catholic and Protestant groups which results in the securing of joint concessions from public school boards whereby the children of both groups are the better enabled to receive religious instructions given by their respective teachers.

Father Mereto next gives a detailed description of the pitiable spiritual conditions of immense numbers of public school Catholics and while enumerating the various reasons that lead Catholic parents to deny their children a Catholic education, stresses the fact that, though parents are often guilty, the children themselves are comparatively seldom blameworthy.

In several succeeding chapters, the author clearly demonstrates that one who would deny such children the rights of catechetical instructions is opposed to the teachings of Christ and the Church, and that he is devoid of the first principles of Christian charity. That such instructions would ruin our parochial schools is shown to be a subterfuge; other objections to instructing them are proven groundless.

Succeeding chapters deal with different practical plans for conducting such classes, methods for bettering class attendance, plans for promoting efficiency, religious vacation schools and childrens' retreats.

The pamphlet is sold at 10 cents a copy post paid. 12 copies for \$1.00 postpaid, 100 copies for \$5.00 plus transportation—Our Sunday Visitor, Huntington, Indiana.

The Stuttering Churches

IT is a remarkable thing that in countries which are predominantly Protestant so many men who are sincere and earnest in their religious convictions are recognizing the Catholic Church as the one and only religious body that is unwaveringly consistent in teaching a definite system of faith and morals. Thus, the Rev. J. M. Lloyd in the *Hibbert Journal* gives his estimate of the present Lambeth Conference. His article is entitled "Lambeth 1930." What he says about the Anglican Church (in this country the Episcopalian) can be practically predicated of all non-Catholic churches. He writes:

We can all be magnanimous enough to recognize that Rome, in a uniquely tenacious temper, is a steward of the mysteries, and not only of the mysteries but of the moral witness of the Christian Church. One of the readiest errors of the shallower type of Protestant is to think that the attraction of Rome is to be found in its sentimental devotions and alluring ceremonial and in its guarantee of sameness and familiarity of usage and language in all the countries of the world.

We would prefer to say that the sanctity of the Church and her resources for the sanctification of her children are a potent and rightful attraction, but we entirely agree that no considerations in this order can alone sustain Her claims, which rest upon Her divine appointment as the depository of religious truth.

Scarcely less erroneous is the idea that it is to be found in its provision of a definite and infallibly authoritative doctrine to meet the doubts and uncertainties of an age in which even science itself is at sixes and sevens over its own ultimates. It is true that persons not knowing their own minds, tormented by restless hesitations and conflicts, tired and confused, in endless mazes lost, become desperate and resolve to settle all their problems by one general suicidal act of submission to infallible authority and to the direction of a universal closely-knitted and impressively self-consistent system of group-thinking.

It is in her moral teaching that the Church finds her strongest appeal to the minds and hearts of men. Mr. Lloyd continues:

But this is not the chief reason why Rome is now almost embarrassed by the number of its converts, especially from Anglo-Catholicism. The supreme attraction of Rome is to be found in its ethical rigorism, in that very sphere which Puritan Protestantism thought to be its own.

Rome, whatever its past or present laxities of practice, is seen to be the one uncompromising corporate witness to that moral code of Christianity which preserves Western Civilization from final collapse. It represents the last loyalty of the human race to its own highest moral standards. It is the iron bulwark of Christianity against the overwhelming invasion of the corrupting neo-paganism of our times. Anglican and Free Church leaders may also be found who are rock-firm for the Christian ethic, but they can commit no one except themselves.

There is no authoritative moral theology which can tell us what is the final judgment of Anglicans and Free Churchmen on questions such as marriage, divorce, birth-control, companionate experiments, abortion, euthanasia, suicide. Only Rome speaks with one voice on such themes, and these are the issues of life and death, of the survival or decline of the West. This is the supreme attraction of Rome—its moral challenge to a high temperance, chastity and self-control.

As Phelps Likes It

DR. WILLIAM LYON PHELPS, himself a clergyman and noted Professor of Literature at Yale, reaches the spirit of Mr. Lloyd's statements. Dr. Phelps, in his "As I Like It" in the August issue of *Scribner's* magazine, says:

Why do so many Catholics go to church and why do so many Protestants stay away? The answer is obvious. If the minister himself does not believe in the divine origin of the Christian religion, or in the future life, why listen to a moral homily or a lecture on social science?

Thomas Hardy loved the English church service, and was a frequent visitor. He deeply regretted that the Catholic Church did not "rationalize" its faith; and also that the Church of England did not revise its creed, so that persons who had no belief in a God of Personality or in anything supernatural, or in a future life, might be honest communicants. He really thought churches of that kind would be crowded with worshippers because there are so many people without faith. There are indeed; but why should they waste their time going to church? They would get more out of a symphony concert. You might as well expect a Unitarian "revival."

Now, as a matter of fact, if the Roman Catholics "rationalized" their faith, they would scuttle the ship. All the talk today about neglect of church-going, and so on, applies only to us Protestants. The Catholics need no sympathy because they have no problem. Not only are the Catholic churches crowded—I have never attended one that was not—but they are steadily increasing in number. When I was a boy in New Haven, there were only three Catholic churches in town; now there are thirty.

But an even more astounding fact, a fact that seems to me to have enormous significance, is the Catholic rise in social prestige. When I was a child, I was ignorant of European conditions, and of the real nature of Catholic Christian worship. I honestly believed there were no intelligent Catholics; I thought all Catholics were ignorant, that they all belonged to the class of unskilled laborers. I was not acquainted with a single Catholic family of any social consequence.

Today the situation is totally different. At Yale there are far more Catholic undergraduates than there are Baptists; one meets intelligent Catholics everywhere; and in England such distinguished men of letters as G. K. Chesterton, Maurice Baring, Compton Mackenzie, Alfred Noyes, Sheila Kaye-Smith, all brought up otherwise, have joined the Catholic Church.

The last thing I wish to suggest is social snobbery; I do not care a rap for any one's social position, unless there are brains and character behind it. What I wish to emphasize as a fact of deepest significance is the enormous elevation in social and intellectual distinction which I have seen in the Catholic Church.

If this had been accomplished according to the wish of Thomas Hardy, that is, if in order to secure recruits from persons of intellectual and social prestige the Catholic Church had revised its creed, or had made compromises with the world, that would have helped to prove something other than it has proved. But the Catholic Church has made no deductions from its faith; it has made no compromises; it does not take any converts on *their* terms. It takes them all, poor and rich, cultivated and ignorant, on *its* terms.

The chief reason, I think, why so many persons are added to the Catholic Church is not because of the ritual, beautiful and impressive as that is; it is because the Catholics put religion first. It is refreshing to enter a Catholic church and breathe an atmosphere of faith. . . .

CATEGORICA: *On Things in General and Quite Largely a Matter of Quotation*

Edited by N. M. LAW

THE POPE AND HARD TIMES

NOTHING exceeds the alleged devilment of Catholics as described by anti-Catholics except the capacity of anti-Catholics to swallow the stories, as the following item from the Charlotte, N. C., *Daily News* reveals:

SHELBY, June 27.—The propaganda artists who painted the Pope and the Catholic Church as holy horrors in 1928 are still active.

They are now circulating a rumor in the textile mill villages of this section that the Catholics are to blame for the reigning era of hard times, which the Democrats label as "Hoover Prosperity."

Just where, how and why the rumor started no one seems to know, yet scores of mill workers in this section have heard it and are talking about it.

The lone explanation advanced by those who have heard it is that the Catholics brought on the hard times because they were angered by the defeat of Al Smith. To the average person and the majority of mill workers the propaganda is so absurd that very little attention is being given to it, yet there are those who believe it just as there were some people who believed that, if Smith had been elected President in 1928, the Catholics would have swept over the country within a few months, roasting Protestant babies for their breakfast bacon.

THERE OUGHT TO BE A LAW

ELMER ROESSNER, in *The New York Telegram*, draws our attention to some laws that New Yorkers live under. The figures in parenthesis refer to the chapter, section and article in which the ordinance is recorded:

Barrels of whisky may not be stacked more than two high. (10, 21, 253.)

No person may fire a cannon except on July 4. (11, 1, 5.)

No dealer in second-hand articles may display three gold balls above his doorway. (14, 4, 44.)

On the other hand, no pawnbroker may accept a pledge if he suspects the person offering it is an apprentice. (14, 4, 44.)

An applicant for a hack driver's license must state whether or not he is married. (15, 8, 90.)

A taxi operator may have a meter that overcharges you five per cent, but no more. (15, 8, 101.)

When you leave a hack the driver must search it for lost articles. (14, 8, 107.)

If a public porter asks you more than twenty-five cents for carrying a bag less than half a mile you may refuse to pay him at all. (14, 8, 107.)

No person under 16 years of age may fire a shot in a shooting gallery. (14, 13, 160.)

No person may play a hand organ within five hundred feet of an insane asylum if one of the patients asks him to stop. However, a bagpiper may approach up to two hundred feet under the same conditions. (14, 14, 170 and 171.)

You may not wear a gardenia into Central Park. (17, 1, 7.)

If you want to take a hatchet from E. 98th Street to E. 89th you must go around Central Park and not through it. (17, 1, 5.)

You may read a newspaper in any park, but you cannot sit on it. (17, 1, 13.)

If you bring peanuts to the Bronx Zoological Park you must make sure the shells are on before you enter. (17, 4, 72.)

You may not keep a canary if it prevents a neighbor from sleeping. (20, 12, 215.)

A fife and drum may not be played to attract passersby to auctions. (23, 4, 30.)

No junkman may have more than three bells, none exceeding six ounces in weight, on his wagon. (23, 12, 134.)

Barber poles may not exceed eight feet in height above the sidewalk. (23, 13, 145.)

It is legal to break a sidewalk accidentally, but unless you repair it within forty-eight hours you are subject to a \$10 fine. (23, 15, 187.)

You may sit but not lie down on a beach. (23, 21, 287.)

It's not only illegal to sit on your own chair on a beach, it's against the law even to bring a chair to the beach. (23, 21, 286.)

No person may ride a bicycle with his feet off the pedals. (23, 3, 31.)

You may not drive a sleigh through the streets unless you have sufficient bells on the harness to warn others of its approach. (24, 3, 39.)

You—or night club proprietors, either, for that matter—may not sell ice by the bowl. It must be sold by weight. (26, 3, 33.)

And that's not all of them. • But perhaps New York, robbed of such simple pleasures as stacking whisky kegs in tiers of three or firing cannons on July 3, are not as bad off as residents of Los Angeles. There is an ordinance there prohibiting the shooting of jackrabbits from the rear platforms of street cars.

"NAY, JUDAS, ONLY GOD"

FROM the *Commonweal* we reprint this rather unusual poem:

JUDAS

By THEODORE MAYNARD

"Where are you going, Judas,
With that rope in your hand?"
"To scatter what God will not forgive
To the dark wind and the sand."
"Why is your purse empty, Judas,
Dangling light and loose?"
"Silver I had; but all earth's gold
Could not ransom Him from the Jews."
"Could you not cry for mercy, Judas?
His kindness has no scope."
"The kindest things that I shall find
Are a tall tree and a rope."
"Oh fool! fool! Even this sin, Judas,
He will pardon from His cross."
"The death that saves all other men
Is my eternal loss."
"Wait, and you shall see Him risen, Judas."
"His eyes would be to me a rod—
For I have betrayed an innocent man."
"Nay, Judas, only God."

CHECK 'N' DOUBLE CHECK

THE Spirit of Efficiency has struck Polite Society. This is a Social Form Letter issued in New York:

Sign on the Dotted Line

MR.
regrets exceedingly
his deplorable conduct while a guest
at your

☐ Dance

☐ Party

last evening

and humbly craves your pardon
for the

Breach of Etiquette

checked in the column inside

- ☐ Striking hostess with bottle.
- ☐ Spanking hostess or female guests.
- ☐ Riding to hounds in drawing-room.
- ☐ Riding to hounds in ballroom.
- ☐ Excessive screaming.
- ☐ Frequent absence from party.
- ☐ Protracted absence from party.
- ☐ Extreme inebriation.
- ☐ Excessive destruction of furniture.
- ☐ Complete loss of equilibrium.
- ☒ Partial loss of equilibrium.
- ☒ Throwing glasses.
- ☒ Insulting guests.
- ☒ Indiscreet petting.
- ☐ Nausea.

"KING BILLY" JUNKED

A CANADIAN Press dispatch from Boyle, in County Roscommon, informs us that

The statue of William III, King of England and Prince of Orange, erected by an Earl of Kingston fifty years ago, has reached the last stage of its career. It has been sold to a metal dealer for a few shillings and will be melted down and used for building purposes.

The statue, which originally stood on the bridge in the centre of this little town, was known locally as "King Billy." For half a century it has stood as a challenge to the inhabitants, few of whom adhere to the same faith as did William. Many a time in recent years the statue has been tarred and feathered and painted in the new national colors overnight.

It was thrown into the River Shannon, from which it was retrieved, painted white and set up on a high monument in the local tennis club grounds by Orange partisans. There it was left undisturbed for a time, but one morning local police found "King Billy" minus a head. Once, at the height of Republican agitation, a branch was placed in one hand and a De Valera flag in the other.

A year ago "King Billy's" battered form was thrown from the pedestal in the tennis grounds and remained a long time on the ground. Now the Town Council has agreed to sell it to the metal dealer.

FEW AND MANY

THIS bit is supplied by Fra Juniper in *The Universe* (London):

Mr. A. P. Graves, the author of *Father O'Flynn*, has many good stories in his just-published autobiography. Here is one. His brother-in-law, Sir Massie Blomfield, was walking one day with his grandmother, then over 90. They came to a churchyard and noticed the epitaph:

Some has children and some has none—

Here lies the mother of twenty-one.

"I can beat that," said the old lady. "Listen, Massie:

Some has children and some has few,

Here stands the mother of twenty-two."

HOWLERS OF THE SEASON

THIS selection from the Howlers Prize Composition for 1930 is taken from *The Christian Advocate*:

Lord Macaulay suffered from gout and wrote all his poems in Iambic feet.

School boards were not introduced until 1870. Previous to this small slates had to be used.

Magna Charta was good and kind and everybody liked her. She was strong.

George Washington was the founder of steam. His first steam engine was called the locomotive.

The opposite of evergreen is nevergreen.

A skeleton is a man with his inside out and his outside off.

Quinine is the bark of a tree; canine is the bark of a dog.

Parallel lines never meet unless you bend one or both of them.

A poetic license is a license you get from the post office to keep poets. You get one also if you want to keep a dog.

A damsel is a little plum.

Q.—Write a sentence containing the expression "cool and collected." A.—The man was cool before the explosion, but unfortunately he was collected afterwards."

Q.—What do you know of the Bill of Pains and Penalties?

A.—It was passed to punish people who broke windows.

Q.—Explain "sarcasm." A.—When I say "God bless teacher."

DIARY OF A COLLEGE GRAD

FROM The Cleric's Scrap Book in *The Churchman* we take this poignant record:

June 23, 1929—Graduated today.

June 28, 1929—Looked for a \$10,000 job.

July 20, 1929—Looked for a job at \$100 a week.

August 9, 1929—Looked for any kind of a job.

September 2, 1929—Still looking.

September 23, 1929—Went to work for my uncle for \$75 a month.

FOR LAW ENFORCEMENT

PERHAPS this Fides news item might suggest a way out to Mr. Hoover's Law Enforcement Commission:

A novel plan for the eradication of drunkenness on the Island of Atiu, Cook Islands, Oceania, has been devised by the Chiefs who have confided the suppression of the vice to women. A man of the Island of Atiu will not only never strike a woman but will not even resist her. The women travel in squads of two or three, rush upon the men they find drinking. The men, if they fail to escape, meekly hand over the liquor without protest.

A MIXED FAMILY

ACCORDING to the *Kennebec Journal* a new industry for Aroostook is developing, that of hatching hens' eggs by setting them under a crow:

Franklin Hickling, 12 years old, who lives in Ludlow, discovered a crow's nest with five crow's eggs in it. He took out three of the crow's eggs and replaced them with hen's eggs, leaving two of the crow's eggs. When the crow returned she threw out the two crow eggs and set on the three hen eggs and after the eggs were hatched Mrs. Crow sat on a limb and refused to acknowledge the parentage of the chicks, so the lad took the chicks out and placed them with another mother, who accepted the responsibility, with the result that there are five less crows in Ludlow than there would have been.

PROVED HIS OWNERSHIP

A ROOSTER that fights at the call of his name was held in the county jail in Youngstown, Ohio, recently as a "material witness" against an alleged chicken thief, says *The Cleveland Plain Dealer*:

Frank Miller, 39, of Mineral Ridge, was arrested by Sheriff Adam Stone on complaint of W. J. Shively that Miller had stolen ten chickens and a rooster belonging to him.

The fowl were found in Miller's motor car. He claimed that they were his own.

"If that's my rooster he will fight if you call 'Primo,'" Shively told Sheriff Stone.

"Primo!" shouted Stone.

Out of the car flew "Primo," his spurs ready for action. He made several stabs at Stone and Miller started running down the road. A shot halted him. Miller and "Primo" were locked up.

SOUND AND LETTERS DISAGREE

THE last two lines of these verses sum up the whole trouble. From *The Spectator*:

When the English tongue we speak,
Why is "break" not rhymed with "freak"?
Will you tell me why it's true
We say "sew" but likewise "Jew"?
"Beard" sounds not the same as "heard"
"Cord" is different from "word"
"Cow" is cow, but "low" is low
"Shoe" is never rhymed with "foe."

And since "pay" is rhymed with "say"
Why not "paid" with "said" I pray?
And, in short, it seems to be
Sound and letters disagree.

BERNARD SHAW'S WEDDING GIFT

A LETTER from Bernard Shaw declining to attend a friend's wedding is reproduced in Mr. Charles Graves's book, "*—And The Greeks.*" The letter, written to Mr. Graves runs as follows:

My dear Charles: My attendance at your wedding, or at anybody's wedding, is out of the question. I have within the last week or so stoutly absented myself from similar ceremonies of such pressing importance that if I made an exception in your case I could never look some of my best friends in the face again.

Besides, I have not the proper clothes—on purpose.

I have ascertained that a correct outfit at my tailor's would cost me 15 guineas; and it would be of no use to me subsequently, as I never dress correctly in daylight. But it would be of considerable use to you, as you earn your living by going into society. Therefore, as I suppose I ought to give you a wedding present, it is clear that the sensible solution of our problem is to give you the suit in which I should have graced your nuptials if I were a normal person.

You will therefore hand the enclosed cheque to your tailor and order him to do the best he can for you to that amount.

And if there is a list of presents see to it that I am entered as "Bernard Shaw: suit of clothes." If there is an exhibition of presents the tailor will lend you a dummy.

I celebrate the passing of your youth and irresponsibility with a melancholy shake hands. I am sorry for Peggy; but you can assure her that any other man would be an equal disappointment after a week or so.

As for you, it is too late to run away now. You are for it, Charles.

Faithfully,
(Signed) G. BERNARD SHAW.

SIMPLY IRRESISTIBLE

How the little coolie beggar finally succeeded in getting what he wanted is told in *The North China Herald*:

Beggary, as a profession, has long been in disrepute, yet there are among the devotees of this dubious career, a few who have made luminous and picturesque impressions. In Shanghai the curse of those who wail loudly for coppers cannot be lightly disregarded. There are perhaps more beggars in this small area than any other of its size in the world. The police do their best but there are not enough police to watch them all. A splendid example of the subtlety of extracting money, and an equally unique example of how the victor may be foiled was witnessed the other day on Nanking Road. Approaching a potential benefactor, the small waif who treats this district as his eleemosynary realm put forth the old plea of "no mamma, no papa, no chow." It was an old story and made not the slightest impression. A wry smile of appreciation, in view of the temperature of the day, was obtained after the plea had been augmented by "no got shoes." Suddenly in desperation, after the wary eye of the waif had seen an approaching representative of the law, a spark of genius solved the situation. Dirty fist clenched snowy sleeve and the weird appeal, "no got whiskey-soda" gave an admirable example of what the immovable object does when confronted with the irresistible force. A check book was extracted and a check made out for the sum of ninety cents was presented to the perplexed child who examined the curiosity from every angle before seeking consultation with a ricscha coolie.

WISE AND OTHERWISE

The radio isn't perfect yet. What it needs is a knob you can twist to slow it down while Floyd Gibbons is talking.—*Life*.

The piano, it is announced, is now fighting for its life in the American home. And one we heard the other night was taking a terrible beating.—*New York Evening Post*.

If Mahatma Gandhi were an American, he would send his picture with one pound of salt for one dollar.—*West Virginia Worker*.

Drys dissatisfied with the Digest figures are not, however, justified in the suspicion that they smell a poll cat.—*Western (Ore.) Leader*.

In days of yore, if anybody missed a stagecoach he was contented to wait two or three days for the next one. Now he lets out a squawk if he misses one section of a revolving door.—*Activities*.

"Jimmy," said a mother to her quick-tempered small boy, "you must not grow angry and say naughty things. You should always give a soft answer."

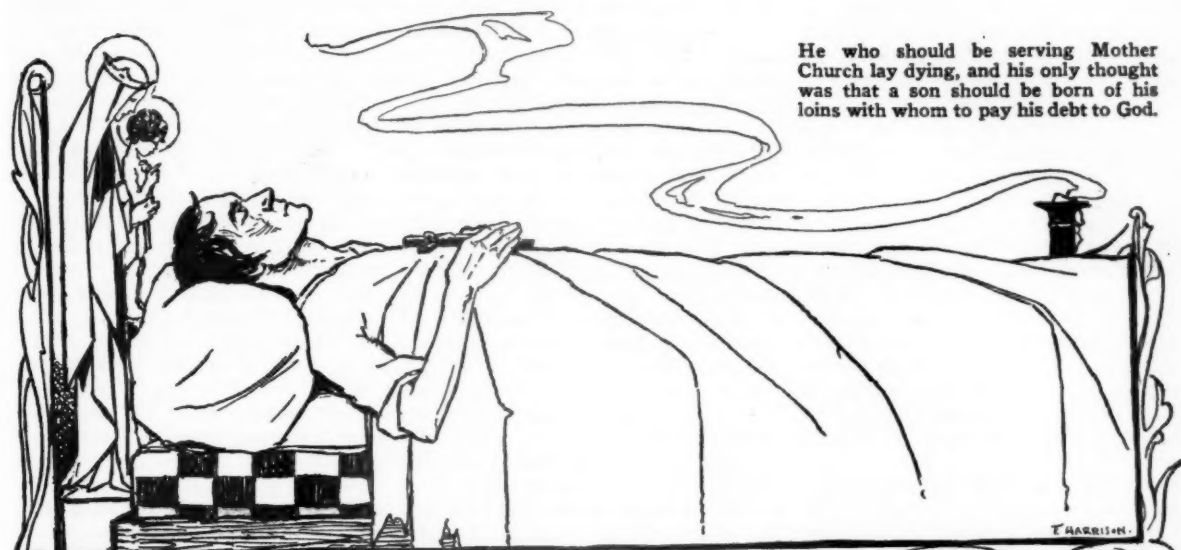
When his little brother provoked him an hour afterward, Jimmy clenched his little fist and said, "Mush."—*The New Guide*.

Zaro Agha, the 156-year-old Turk, has a rival in China. He is Li Chung-Yun who says he is now in his 253rd year and feeling swell, thank you. Zaro's most embarrassing moment is going to come when Li meets him and chirps "Hello, kid!"—H. I. Phillips in the *New York Sun*.

In the old days people used to drop in for a visit; now they visit for a drop.—*Columbia (S. C.) Record*.

Judging from his frequent changes of allegiance, "the Christian general" in China isn't so much a soldier of the Cross as of the double cross.—*Weston Leader*.

Saving is a simple matter. You just buckle down and make money faster than your family can spend it.—*Publishers Syndicate*.



He who should be serving Mother Church lay dying, and his only thought was that a son should be born of his loins with whom to pay his debt to God.

The ATONEMENT OF PABLO MOLIDO

Illustrations
By F. Harrison

By Geoffrey Bradley

"BUT IF it be a girl. . . . Already she has borne me four; four hungry little bellies to keep tight. With a fifth . . ."

The old Andalusian midwife bent her stout body and jerked straight the coarse coverlet on the sick man's truckle-bed.

"Have faith, Don Pablo! Faith in the Saint!" she said reproachfully. "Have you not prayed; you and the little ones? A son will come. . . ." She turned her sun-browned face sideways and nodded comprehendingly. The sound of measured pain-moans were coming through the thin door of an inner room.

"A son . . . and soon," she said professionally. "If the little ones return, set them a'running on another errand. . . . I come, little poor one. I come now," she cried aloud, for an appealing voice from the next room had wailed, "Juana! come thou, Juana," and had sunk again to moaning.

There is no poverty so stark as the poverty of the Spanish peasant living on that bare belt of country known geographically as Estremadura. Nature gives no help. In summer the land is baked by a relentless sun. For the rest, fierce winds buffet the little villages and lonely grain-farms in one last burst

of rage before crossing the frontier to the softer land of Portugal.

Pablo Molido belonged to that class that will not own to poverty. Long-lived want had bred a dispassionate restraint which ruled out all complaining. To talk of plenty when the last red sausage had been lowered, yet half-smoked, from the chimney cowl was to show one's breeding. To own to hunger would be vulgarity.

Pablo had been destined for the priesthood. At his baptism, while yet the priest and choristers were all about the baby, his father, a pious and prosperous citizen of Badajoz, had lifted up his voice and cried, "I give my son to Mother Church."

Pablo had been brought up accordingly. Unhappily for his father's plans, the theological college chosen for the lad's final training was at Valencia. There, in that fair white city where lovely black-eyed girls load oranges onto a still, blue sea through all the hours of sunshine, Pablo's wild manhood turned against restraint. In the face of his father's wish he married a beautiful Valenciana of no birth or fortune and brought her home to Badajoz.

But in Spain such things may not be done. The boy found the heavy iron-bound door of his father's house shut against him. At last, through stark want, he was driven out into

the great, bare Estremanian plain which is the granary of the Peninsula. As *capataz* or foreman of a small estate, he earned the right to lay his wife inside a desolate three-roomed house in time for her to bring into the world twin daughters. They had lived there ever since. Two daughters more had come in two more years, but never a son.

Now the fiend of tubercle had quartered his devouring myriads in Pablo's lungs; for if a man work, so also must he eat. Thus he who should be serving Mother Church lay dying, and his only thought was that a son should be born of his loins with whom to pay his debt to God.

"She sleeps at last." Juana, the midwife, stood at Pablo's side. A tearing bout of coughing had covered the noise of her coming in. "When next she wakes, it will be to face her hour."

"Does she sleep naturally?" asked the man. He was well used to these cruel hours of child-birth, and knew the use of poppy-water.

"Enough that she sleeps!"

"When will *he* come? Juana, but I have prayed! A man-child to become a priest and this time to *be* a priest."

"If you have prayed, then most

surely a boy is there," the midwife said. "Before she fell to sleep she bade me say, 'Tell him I know by the pains it is a son.'"

The sick man drank in the words and, too wearied to weigh their value, smiled happily and closed his eyes in peace.

WHEN he awoke, the room was fuller by his four daughters.

A comely, dark-skinned girl of twelve was fanning a brazier of slow-glowing charcoal. Her twin, larger of bone and bosom but handsome too, added oil to a pot into which she had just put a double handful of stoned olives, rice and some chick-peas.

"Forget not the 'tear' of garlic, too," whispered a wide-eyed, empty little sister as she watched the one spare morsel of fat bacon dropped into the soup.

"Bread! Bread! Where then is the bread?" The child was up to do her elder sister's bidding. "Bread! . . . Ah! the very little one is good!"

She pounced upon a flat, platter-shaped slab of bread which the youngest of Pablo's daughters was hugging to her ragged shift.

And soon, above the simmering of the pot and the dry crackle of the father's breathing, a level gabbling was heard. The midwife was boiling eggs by saying Our Father's; and as Juana liked her eggs boiled hard, the number of Our Father's was considerable.

That evening, as the tepid sun sank slowly into Portugal, Don Pablo's wife bore him a fifth child. The children had been hurried off to look for certain herbs. Only Pablo was there to hear.

When it became obvious that his wife's hour had come, the sick man's anxiety became intolerable. He had few doubts that she would come safely through her labor. She had done it thrice and would do it again. But the child! Pablo's anxiety to give a priest to the Church had become an obsession.

Once in that vital afternoon the

midwife left her duties to rest for some moments on a rush-bottomed chair beside his bed. She found him fondling a brass-bound box, the key of which he kept, with a medal of the Holy Child, hung on a length of whip-lash round his neck. He shut the box as she came in.

"A son, and I die purged and regenerated as though by Baptism" he said excitedly. His eyes were fixed and shining, his breathing racing against a weakening heart.

"He will just live to see—which ever it may please the Saints to send," the midwife thought. "Soon I will bring him to you," she said aloud. . . . "Ah! . . . I go. Have faith, my friend."

A LITTLE later she returned and in her arms a bundle.

"A son!" she cried. "Was it not I who said it? A son the weight of a young fighting bull."

Pablo was on his elbow staring down into the little face.

"Her wish is that you do not

The next moment he had pressed round the fingers a golden ring in which was set a mighty amethyst.



mingle closely," the midwife warned. "It is the cough. . . . But is he not a little brave? The hair of a man already; eyes like two grapes of Malaga and back again to the hair!"

Don Pablo touched the little forehead with his lips. "Priestling!" he said reverently. "My debt is paid." He dropped back onto the grain pillow and forced the Latin praises from his lips.

FOR five days Pablo lived to worship his son. Three or four times in every day his wife brought the child into the living-room where he lay and let him glory in his new possession. Once he had them all agape. The child was in its mother's arms. "Lower, dear, a little lower just for this once," his whisper begged. When he could reach a little hand—for now his strength was nearly gone—he grasped two of the tiny fingers together and fumbled in his bed-coat. The next moment he had pressed round the fingers a golden ring in which was set a mighty amethyst.

"See! Already he is a Bishop!" he cried, and by signs and hoarse whispers he commanded his daughters

to kiss the Monseigneur's ring.

It was Pablo's last joke.

Two neighbors shouldered him at last out to the little cemetery beyond the hill and the house was very empty.

That evening when a pan of water had been warmed and poured into the tub which served as bath, the mother called out to her daughters.

"Come, all of you, and see your little sister washed."

At the call they crowded to the inner room, for until now the privilege had been refused.

"Sister, Mama?" an elder child inquired. "Were there, then, two as we were?"

"There was but one and she a girl," the mother told. And while the little one was bathed, it was explained how God and Our Lady allowed a lie when on that lie depended the happiness of an ill papa's last hours.

They cried their disappointment openly.

"You miss your little brother. Then will I take away the taste!" It was the first time they had seen her smile for many days. The beauty that had

captured Pablo years ago came back into her face. Two great violet eyes, long-lashed still in spite of all, danced in the shallow cheeks as she told them the second of her secrets.

"WE GO to Valencia; I, this very little one, and all of you. To Valencia!"

They had heard of the warm, white city by the sea where oranges on oranges ripened in an everlasting sun. Many a night they had been lulled to sleep by tales of Valencia's great hero, El Cid Campeador, "Lord of the Tented Field." And now; soon; perhaps even before next Sunday they were going there for ever.

The brass-bound box of which poor Pablo kept the key had given up its secret. Bank notes, gold, and pile on pile of heavy silver pieces had fallen out when, on the night he died, his wife had emptied the contents on to the floor. Though none but Pablo knew it, for years the family had starved that a portion of the pittance he possessed might be saved to give the son-child, who would one day come, the education of a priest.



The Strength of God

By FRANCIS SHEA, C. P.

THE instructions given by our Lord on the subject of Prayer are among His most emphatic utterances. It was a subject to which He returned again and again. He taught the necessity of Prayer and its efficacy; He pointed out the dispositions that they should have who offer their petitions of God—the state of grace, attention, humility, confidence and perseverance. He urges us to pray in His name, to pray in common, to pray always. In the Our Father He gave a model on which we are to base all our prayers.

Along with these instructions, He Himself set an example that excited the admiration of His disciples, for "it came to pass that as He was in a certain place praying, when He ceased, one of His disciples said to Him: 'Lord, teach us to pray.'" In the lonely deserts, on quiet mountain tops, morning and evening, before and after meals, sometimes through

the entire night Jesus communed with His Father. Before undertaking any important work He prepared Himself for prayer and on all the great occasions in His life He engaged in this holy exercise.

Most impressive of all was the example He gave in the Garden of Olives on the last night of His life. What He later revealed to St. Margaret Mary leads us to believe that Jesus suffered more in the Garden than He did during the rest of His Passion. And yet the Church has no Mass or Office of the Agony as

such. With a wisdom inspired from above, she names the feast celebrated on the Friday after Septuagesima Sunday—The Feast of the Prayer of our Lord Jesus Christ on Mount Olivet."

IT IS just because Jesus suffered so much there that His example in prayer is all the more remarkable. Entering the Garden, He began to grow sorrowful and to be sad; He began to fear and to be heavy. (Matt. 26:37; Mark 14:33.) Both Evangelists use the word "began." The dark waters of sorrow and sadness, of fear and heaviness, kept creeping in on His soul, like the tides of a mighty ocean, until He was overwhelmed in their bitter depths.

There was sorrow for the sins of the world by which His Father was continuously outraged—foul, disgusting, brutal sins by those whose humanity He has assumed; sadness at the thought of the ingratitude He



would receive from men, of the souls who would be lost in spite of His sufferings; fear of the morrow—of the terrible lash, the spitting on His Face, the piercing thorns, His blasphemous rejection; of the Cross, the sharp nails, the bitter gall, the agonizing death; the heaviness, the shrinking of His sensitive body from all this pain, the burden of all His sorrows, the heaped-up iniquities of the world.

All these things grew apace in His soul until the weight on His mind and heart forced the blood through the pores until it fell in large drops to the ground. Through all this mighty struggle, this harrowing of His soul, Jesus prayed with increasing intensity—"Being in an agony He prayed the longer." (Luke 22:43.) It is in just such circumstances that men neglect prayer most, as we see in the conduct of the disciples, for when Jesus rose up from prayer and was come to them, He found them sleeping for sorrow. (Luke 22:45.)

Jesus in the midst of unutterable grief prayed; His disciples, troubled only by their own personal worries, resorted to slumber in order to escape them. He is the perfect model of those who pray; they are an awful example to those who neglect the Savior's teaching that "we ought always to pray and not to faint." (Luke 18:1.)

FROM the Prayer of Christ in the Garden we learn also that God always answers prayers. Not every request is granted, but an answer always comes and that when we need it most and the very thing we need most. Those who are tried by the ordeal of what they call unanswered prayer will find consolation by turning to Jesus in Gethsemani. His prayer was not an unconditional request that the chalice might pass from Him. If He had petitioned His Father in that manner, there would have been no suffering, no death for Him, for the Father always heareth Him. (John 11:42.)

Since salvation for man through His Passion and Death was God's eternal purpose, why did Jesus pray as He did? Was it a waste of words, a useless occupation, a mere delay in the work of Redemption? We know that God did send an answer: "And there appeared to Him an angel from Heaven." Immediately after the appearance of the heavenly messenger, "... His sweat became as drops of blood trickling down upon the

ground." Just before His agony reached a climax, just when the sorrow and sadness and weight of the world's sins were heaviest upon Him, an answer was granted.

Who was the Angel of the Agony? Was it Michael? His name means "Who is like to God?" It was he who swiftly gathered together the good angels and, raising the battle-cry from which he received his name, cast out of Heaven Lucifer and his rebellious followers. He is the standard-bearer of God's armies, the terror of demons, "appointed prince over the ingathering of souls." (Office of St. Michael.) Was he now come to raise the old battle-cry, to inspire Our Lord to go forth and gain the final victory over the Devil and break the power of sin?

But Jesus had no need of a battle-cry to nerve Himself for the conflict. At His entrance into the world, He declared: "I have come to do Thy Will, O God." Later on He said: "I do always the things that please my Father." Again in the Supper



Room He revealed His mind: "As the Father hath given Me commandment, so do I. Arise, let us go hence." In the Garden He prayed saying the self-same word: "Thy will be done." He rebuked the zeal of Peter in striking the servant of the high-priest with his sword. "Thinkest thou that I cannot ask My Father and He will give Me presently more than twelve legions of Angels?" It was not Michael then that appeared to Him.

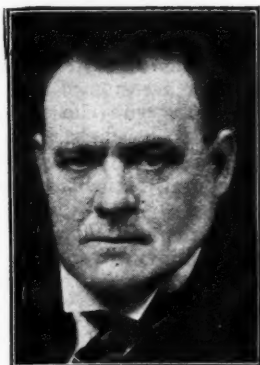
Was it Raphael whose name means: "The Medicine of God?" It was he who guided the young Tobias on a long journey, saved him from the dangers of the way, brought him to a happy marriage with the holy Sara, whose seven unworthy husbands had died, and finally led him back in safety to cure his blind old father. Was he now come to guide Jesus on the long journey to the Cross and Tomb and back again to life, to save Him from the unnecessary cruelties leading to His death,

to lead Him to a happy marriage with Humanity which seven others—seven wicked spirits—had attempted, in vain, to open the eyes blinded by tears of blood? No, it was not Raphael. Jesus sought death, embraced every suffering that He might be our Physician, our Way, our Guide, our Light, our Spouse.

Was it, then, Gabriel whose name means: "The Strength of God?" It was he who announced to Mary the glad tidings of the Redemption near at hand. From among the angelic hosts he was chosen to convey the momentous message. Who could answer with more assurance the question of that sweet Maid of eternal predilection, the spotless human instrument of an ageless Triune Council—a question which is to us a simple guileless confession that she is indeed a most chaste and prudent Virgin: "How shall this be done since I know not man?" He, who is called the Strength of God, answered: "The power of the most High shall overshadow thee. And therefore also the Holy which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God." (Luke 1:34.)

A tradition tells us that Gabriel was indeed the Angel of the Agony—an opinion which seems to find support in the text: "And there appeared to Him an angel from Heaven strengthening Him." It was just the grace that Jesus needed at the moment. It enabled Him to bear the Agony at its height; it explains the calmness with which He meets His enemies and the fortitude with which He endures those sufferings that, by anticipation in the Garden, caused such sadness, fear and heaviness.

EVERY prayer is answered. But we must first understand that the purpose of prayer is to enable us to do God's Will, not to make God do our will. God wills that we pray; He desires to bestow blessings upon us that we may do His work in this world. When the thing we ask is not expedient for us or His work, He sends us His strength—grace to endure our lot whether it be poverty, sickness, loneliness, family trials, disappointment in life's ambitions, or even the frustration of projects which seem to us to be purely for His glory. Even as Jesus received through prayer the strength to endure His Passion, so we, using the same means, shall receive fortitude to bear our cross with Him and to be eternally numbered among the saved.



What then IS This Catholic Church?

Being the SECOND of TWELVE Articles Answering
the Question, *Can an Intelligent Man be an honestly
Convinced Catholic in the Twentieth Century?*

By HILAIRE BELLOC

WHAT, then, IS this Catholic Church?

That is the first point upon which we must be clear before we can go any further in the business of finding out whether a modern man can be sincerely a Catholic.

The Catholic Church is a corporate body or institution spread throughout the whole world, possessing, like every other body an organization, officers and laws subserving a main object.

The object for which the Catholic Church exists, to serve which its organization has been framed, and to promote which its officers act, is a certain body of doctrine concerning the nature of man in the universe and especially the ultimate happiness and fate of man. The Catholic Church exists and is organized to teach a certain doctrine with regard to our nature and our ultimate fate.

I may add that the Church has taught this doctrine consistently during all the period which formed our civilization, that the same Church lies at the root of all our institutions and that each and all of us who descend from a common civilization were originally formed by Catholicism. This truth does not immediately concern our discussion, but it is important to remember it because it is too often forgotten.

A Unique Claim

THE Catholic Church is not a chance sect among a number of others, nor "one form of organized religion," nor "an aspect of Christianity;" it is that by which all the culture to which we belong, inherited from pagan Greece and Rome, was moulded into the form we know. The Mass (for instance) is not just a "service"—one of many which you may hear on a Sunday in any large

modern town; it is the essential, great Christian Rite which has gone on uninterruptedly as the core and centre of our civilization for close on two thousand years.

Now the Catholic Church adds to the fact that it is an institution of this kind a certain Claim, and that Claim is really the point of the whole business; it is the cause at once of the antagonism which the Church arouses, of the discipline she can ex-

ercise and of the solidity of her following. That claim is as follows:

She affirms that *alone* on earth *She* has the authority to teach men the essentials of their nature and fate.

It is a claim at once unique and appalling. Its enormity, if it be false, would render it both ludicrous and hateful. Its value, if it be true, is superlative.

In these two elements—(1) a certain body of doctrine, (2) a claim to assert that this doctrine is of Divine origin and utterly true, and that her interpretation of it and of its application to human life is also of Divine origin and utterly true—lies the whole of Catholicism.

Those who agree with both propositions are Catholic. Those who disagree with either are not Catholic. Those who understand what each and both are, understand Catholicism, whether they love it or hate it or are indifferent to it.

It behoves us then to appreciate first what the main body of doctrine is, and secondly what that claim is to Divine origin and authority.

Digest of Catholic Teaching

THE main body of Catholic doctrine is this:

All things whatsoever—material and spiritual, ideas, things, spirits—are created. None exist of themselves. All are the creations of a Supreme Being, God, Who maintains them all, is within them all, and yet is superior to and beyond them all.

This Supreme Creator is Personal and Conscious and Supremely Good. He made man, among other creatures, and in the particular case of man (which is here our concern) He created a being immortal and intended for immortal happiness if he should conform with the Divine nature of his Creator. But man rebelled; on which account his race could no

EDITOR'S NOTE

IN HIS first article Mr. Belloc said that a new conflict has arisen between the Church and those outside her. The old conflict dealt with individual doctrines of the Church; the new conflict concerns the whole body of Catholic teaching and the authority on which it rests.

In this article he gives a summary of Catholic doctrine and states the tremendous claim the Church makes to be the one and only teacher and guide of man in the essentials of his nature and destiny.

In his next article, in the October issue, he will explain why the intelligently convinced born Catholic, as well as the equally intelligently convinced convert Catholic, not only accepts all the doctrines of the Church but unreservedly recognizes her as the one Divine authority on earth.

longer, as a matter of course, attain its immortal beatitude.

But it was redeemed by God's taking on human nature and suffering for man in the person of a particular, certain, historical Figure, Jesus Christ, in Whom were combined under one person the natures of the Creator and the creature. He was put to death on the Cross after founding a society of followers to whom He gave certain doctrines and an authority to propagate and develop those doctrines throughout the world for the salvation of mankind.

Among these doctrines were His own Divinity and the purpose of His appearance on earth. After His death He rose from the grave, appeared to those whom He had combined in a society to be His followers, promised them His unfailing support throughout the ages and, before He left them for the place of His Eternal Godhead, bade them teach the whole world the truths He had given them and the Rites He had instituted.

The chief of these was the Commemoration of His Death and Suffering for mankind under a meal of bread and wine (which elements, having been consecrated, mysteriously became of His very own Substance), and Baptism, as a form of entry into the Sacred Corporation which His followers represented and were to spread. To this Corporation was given a name which in our language is that of "The Church."

Such is the bare outline of Catholic dogma. No doubt it is commonplace and familiar to all, and until lately its main lines were accepted by all, only the interpretation of details was disputed. But, remember, that today outside the Catholic body there is no rigid adherence to the entire scheme. At the least, the unity of the Church is denied. By many more this or that part of the whole is denied. And by most, all of it is denied, save the existence of God and the immortality of man. By many the immortality of man and, by an increasing number, the existence of God Himself are denied.

What She Does Not Teach

IT IS, therefore, to the purpose to be very clear at the outset not only that this rigid and defined scheme is the Faith of the Catholic Church as it has always been, but that the Catholic Church is today the sole unwavering maintainer thereof.

Before we go further it may be well to make clear what the Catholic

Church does *not* teach. Thus:

She does *not* teach a particular time or place for this or that event.

She does not say that creation took place exactly in this or that fashion, or that the Fall of Man was in this or that year or in such and such a locality.

She does not give you the date of the Crucifixion. Such History as we have and common sense seem enough to put that date within certain years; but if sufficient proof arose that the date was earlier or later it would in no way affect her doctrine.

Still less is it asserted that the Society, the Church, thus Divinely instituted sprang at once into final form, never developed, or is now, or ever will be, under institutions every detail of which is fixed.

Doctrine vs. Discipline

NO. What is fixed is doctrine. The quarrel lies between certain affirmations on the nature of things and upon the Divine process in the world (of which affirmations the centre is the Incarnation with all that follows from that event), and a denial of that philosophy and of its implications.

Now for the second limb of the great proposition. This second limb is that the Society founded by the Incarnate God has power both of definition and of regulation. It can say with Divine authority "This proposition is true; that proposition is false;" and what it says in such matters is the voice of God. She can issue a regulation saying "this or that should be done by members of my society" and obedience to the regulation is of moral right.

There is here, by the way, a distinction which should be perfectly clear but which confused minds too often fail to recognize. A mere regulation or order is not in itself a pronouncement of Divine authority and necessarily right. If it were so, such orders could never be rescinded—and they are perpetually rescinded. But obedience to such orders is necessarily right as a working rule because to refuse obedience would be to destroy the unity of the Society.

For instance, the order is given that a Catholic must be present (if free to be so) at the Eucharistic rite (the Mass) on a certain day. Until that day is changed by another order the duty remains; but the day is not of Divine appointment; and if the Church changes it or deletes it altogether the obligation ceases.

There are myriad instances of this obligation of discipline as distinct from the obligation of doctrine, and to men who are accustomed to consider these things with clear minds there is no reason to emphasize further. But I do so in this digression because the point is perpetually cropping up.

To repeat: the *discipline* of the Church is one thing, the *doctrine* of the Church is another; but obedience to the Church is part of doctrine, for it is part and parcel of the affirmation that the Church is a Divine society appointed for the salvation and happiness of the whole world; without unity a society ceases to exist.

There then in the briefest outline is the Institution called "The Catholic Church" with which you have to deal.

To those who are not of it and still more to those who are but imperfectly acquainted with it, two objections at once appear, and I for my part should think very poorly of any man's brains if he, being not yet acquainted with these things, and hearing them first put baldly in this fashion, did not strongly react *against* them.

Two Kinds of Objections

THE first set of objections will be to one or more of the doctrines, and such objections will probably increase in number and violence with increasing and particular knowledge of separate doctrines.

The second objection—and a very much stronger one—will arise against the claim to Divine authority.

Let us consider these two objections before we go further. They will, of course, form the whole matter of what I shall have to say in all this examination, but we will do well at the outset to appreciate their nature once and for all.

The objection to particular doctrines lies always in one or two things: either that these doctrines are unfamiliar or that they are, by our experience, improbable. Now in Catholic doctrine there is a mass of matter which is unfamiliar or improbable or both, some of it to an exceeding degree—for instance, a Future Life. We know what this life is, and we know what death is, but though people are still from long habit vaguely familiar with the words "Immortality," "Eternity," no man can visualize what they mean. And as for improbability, what can be more improbable than that a particular young Artizan living in Syria

should be the Incarnate God? Or that any man should rise from the dead?

How and why things thus unfamiliar or improbable are accepted it will be my business to say later on. What I want to do here is to affirm that they *are* unfamiliar or improbable, lest my readers should fall into the common error of thinking that we of the Faith regard them as something to be accepted at first sight and something the rejection of which, by one who has not had the whole scheme put before him, is a matter for indignation.

On the contrary, it would rather be a matter for astonishment if any one, not having appreciated why such things were accepted, not understanding of what universal truth they form a part, were to accept and believe them as particular isolated truths.

As for that much stronger and more emphatic reaction which is naturally aroused against the claims of the Church to Divine authority I would speak more clearly. Any man hearing of it as an isolated thing, any man merely told it as an affirmation, would at once deny it.

If you and I were to hear that a particular society—this club, that sect, such and such a nation, or gov-

ernment or person—claimed to be speaking with the authority of God, to proclaim their opinion as doctrine, to lay down their definitions as infallible, and so forth, we should contemptuously refuse to listen to anything more on the subject. And, if the claimant had nothing more than his own affirmation to go on, we should be perfectly right. If Jack calls himself infallible, so can Tom, and the unsupported word of such an affirmer is worthless.

Why Do Catholics Believe?

WHY, then, are the particular doctrines of Catholicism, however unfamiliar or improbable, accepted by Catholics, and why is the tremendous claim admitted? Why have so many millions of such diverse kinds from the highest summits of human intelligence to the simplest minds, from the most tortuous to the most straightforward, from the most subtle to the most blunt, from the most profoundly instructed to the most ignorant, agreed upon these things—upon the Catholic doctrines and upon the Divine authority of the Catholic Church to proclaim those doctrines? In other words "Whence the Faith?"

It is no good saying, "From habit." There has been for all these centuries a broad stream of conversions and it is more striking today than ever it was before. Men reaching middle age, with quite other habits of thought well formed, came and come to accept the Faith.

It is no good saying, "From unreasoning illusion." In that mass of conversions you find any number of types, and among them a very large proportion who are the coldest in reasoning, the most sceptical in temperament.

It is no good saying "From influence, weakness, or the fascination exercised by intense assertion." You have but to look around you to find instances of men hard and isolated who *think* themselves into the Faith. And in the long story of the Catholic tradition you might cite hundreds of famous sceptics who were thus converted, each of whom stands for an uncounted number of unknown believers who are equally rational and uninfluenced.

We must look to something else to explain this strange phenomenon of "Acceptation." What this something else is I shall try to describe in my next article.

IT HAPPENED IN SEPTEMBER

¶ *Fra Giovanni's Notes on This Month's Anniversaries of Persons and Events*

September First

1159—Death of Adrian IV, who as Nicholas Brakespear was the only Englishman ever to ascend the Papal Throne.

1513—Balboa sets out on the journey which was to lead to the discovery of the Pacific, Ferdinand, the Catholic, the King of Spain, afterwards creating him the "Admiral of the South Sea."

1759—Kingdom of Portugal issues order expelling all Jesuits, who were "shipped in great misery to the Papal States."

1883—Leo XIII issues Papal Encyclical enjoining greater use of the Rosary.

1886—Establishment of Hierarchies in both India and Ceylon.

September Second

1537—Martin Luther approves the constitution of a new religion for Denmark.

1622—Twenty-five missionaries beheaded and twenty-five burned in Japan. These are the Japanese Martyrs.

1666—Start of the Great Fire of London, said to have been caused by the Papists, a lie which was carved for a couple of centuries on the famous London Monument, and which prompted Pope's line on the column, "A tall bully lifts its head and lies."

1792—Martyrdom of priests in French Revolution.

1909—Future Cardinal Mundelein of Chicago appointed Auxiliary

to the Bishop of Brooklyn.

1921—Future Pius XI, then Cardinal Ratti, returns from a pilgrimage to Lourdes.

September Third

1539—Pope Paul III gives St. Ignatius Loyola a verbal approval of his Society of Jesus. A written approbation was not granted till a year later.

1873—The then Emperor of Germany writes an insulting letter to the Pope on the subject of Papal Infallibility.

1914—Election of Benedict XV, the Pope who made so many but unsuccessful efforts to bring about a Peace during the Great War.

1915—At request of the ex-Empress Eugenie of France, Mass is

said in the crypt of St. Michael's, Farnborough, England, for "All soldiers killed in the War."

September Fourth

1626—St. Vincent de Paul signs the Declaration of his new Community, a step which led to the formation of the Congregation of Priests of the Mission.

1794—The newly created United States of America grant their first Commission to John Barry, a Catholic Irishman who became the "Father of the American Navy." He was buried in St. Mary's Catholic churchyard in Philadelphia.

1804—The London "Times" famous Personal (or "Agony") column contains notice of "H.J.A. presenting his most respectful compliments to the Catholic widow-lady residing near London Bridge."

September Fifth

1585—Generally accepted date of birth of the future Cardinal Richelieu of France.

1857—Pope Pius IX, returns to Rome after tour of inspection of the economic and social conditions, etc., of the old Papal States.

1862—Russia, France and Turkey sign a joint Convention for the Preservation of the Holy Places in Palestine.

1873—Seventeen Catholic priests are deprived of their office and incomes by the then anti-Catholic Swiss Government.

September Sixth

1298—Sea battle between fleets of Genoa and Venice. Details of the Genoese victory are still to be seen on the façade of St. Matthew's Church in Genoa.

1893—Ending of the Second Catholic Congress of the United States of America, held in Chicago. This was the World's Fair Year.

1909—Paraguay in South America passes a law concerning its Indian Missions. Public land in parcels of up to eighteen thousand acres may now be granted to Catholic Missions for the purposes of providing funds for churches, schools, etc.

September Seventh

1200—Pope Innocent III removes his Interdict from France. It had been imposed the previous year in consequence of the French King having put away his wife and taken a concubine.

1707—Birth of Buffon, the famous French naturalist, who was educated in the College of the Jesuit Fathers at Dijon.

1841—A "Protestant bishopric" of Jerusalem set up by the "Anglo-Catholic" Church of England and the Lutheran Church of Prussia, an odd joint arrangement which lasted until 1886.

1875—The Marquis of Ripon, a great English nobleman and Viceroy of India, converted to the Catholic Church.

1910—The opening of the International Eucharistic Congress at Montreal, Canada.

September Eighth

1276—Commencement of the Pontificate of John XXI, the Pope who sent Legates to the Great Khan of Central Asia.

1849—The Nativity Mission inaugurated at Lake Athabasca, Canada, the first missionary of any sort ever to visit the Lake having been Father Taché in 1847.

1857—Inauguration in London of the "Association for the Promotion of Christian Unity"—a "High Church" body which by its appeal to "Anglicans, Romans, and Orthodox Churchmen" immediately earned the condemnation of the Catholic Church.

1862—Birth of Monsignor Burke, founder of the Catholic Church Extension Society of Canada.

1870—Ex-Empress Eugenie, fleeing from France assisted by Mr. Evans, an American dentist practising in Paris, reaches Ryde in England on Sir John Burgoyne's yacht.

1901—Pope dedicated Lourdes to Our Lady of the Rosary.

1914—Newly created Pope Benedict XV issues an Appeal to "All Catholics of the World" against a continuance of the Great War

September Ninth

1087—Death of William the Conqueror, the first Norman King of England. "Then I commend my soul to my Lady Mother of God that by her Holy Prayers she may reconcile me to Her Son, my Lord Jesus Christ,"—his last words.

1737—Birth of Luigi Galvani, the Catholic physician whose scientific researches did so much for the development of electricity.

1855—Consecration of St. John's Cathedral, Harbor Grace, Newfoundland.

1900—Opening at Sydney of first Catholic Congress ever held in Australia.

September Tenth

1515—The famous Wolsey in

English history this day created a Cardinal "sole."

1874—The Government of the new United Italy commits to prison for six days the Bishop of Mantua for refusing to admit the new State's right to confiscate Papal property.

1884—Pope offers the equivalent of \$200,000 to erect a cholera hospital in Rome.

1889—The Dockers' Strike, one of the first Labor Revolts on a large scale in England, ended by the mediation of Cardinal Manning, the resultant truce between Capital and Labor being popularly known as the "Cardinal's Peace."

September Eleventh

1224—First band of Franciscan Friars land in England, arriving penniless.

1649—Cromwell's famous Massacre of Drogheda in Ireland. "Appalled by his severity, all Ireland laid down her arms and the grim horrors were concluded by the confiscation of 8,000,000 acres and the eviction of every Roman Catholic landowner, young and old, sick and hale, and their transportation to Connaught, in many parts of which there was not water enough to drown a man, trees enough to hang a man, or ground enough to bury a man. The wives and families of those who had surrendered and had been allowed to enter foreign service were sold in thousands to West Indian slave dealers."

1840—Martyrdom "after unparalleled tortures" of Blessed Jean Gabriel Perboyre, a French missionary in China. A curious resemblance to Christ's death was at the time pointed out—the Father having been betrayed by one of his native converts for 30 ounces of silver, and having been stripped, clothed with rags, and strangled on a cross.

1907—Nesqually Diocese, U. S. A., changed to See of Seattle.

September Twelfth

1362—Death of Innocent VI, the French Pope who insisted upon all diocesan bishops residing within their own Sees.

1683—Turks raise their Siege of Vienna, their Grand Standard of the Prophet being captured and sent to the Pope in memory of an event which saved Europe from Moslem domination.

1846—Apparition of Our Lady to two children at La Salette, France.

1849—Pius IX promulgates a reformed government for Roman States with a system of State and Provincial and Municipal Councils.

1859—Pope's Palatine Guard of Honor takes its present name.

1914—Marshal d'Espercy re-enters Rheims, evacuated in first stages of Great War. In 1927 the Marshal was present at re-opening of the restored Cathedral.

September Thirteenth

1698—Burial in London of John Huddleston, a Benedictine monk who had sheltered King Charles II after his defeat at Battle of Worcester and had subsequently administered Last Rites at death of the secretly Catholic monarch.

1848—Decree forbids export of gold, silver, and precious metal from the old Papal States.

1868—Pius IX issues Bull convoking the Ecumenical Council of the Vatican.

1883—International Congress for alleviating condition of Deaf and Dumb meets at Brussels. First steps in this matter taken about 1570 by Pedro de Ponce, a Spanish Benedictine monk.

1896—Apostolic Letter from Holy See confirms Papal Decision as to invalidity of "Anglican Orders."

September Fourteenth

1523—Death of Adrian VI, a Dutchman and the last "Pontifex barbaro," or, as it might perhaps be roughly translated, the last of the Nordic Popes.

1531—Martin Luther, the "reformer," in reply to a complaint as to the alarming increase of general immorality since "abolition" of Catholicism, writes that "the people who are accustomed to the old ways must drink and idle themselves out. With time, things will grow better."

1873—Letter from the Hierarchy condemning mixed marriages read in every Catholic Pulpit in England.

September Fifteenth

1644—Election of Innocent X, the Pope who forbade any Cardinal to leave the States of the Church without Papal permission.

1810—Father Miguel Hidalgo, a Mexican priest, rings his church bell to summon the meeting which led to the revolt culminating in the liberation of Mexico from Spanish rule. The "Liberty Bell" of Mexico is still rung on recurring

anniversaries of the day.

1881—Death at Boston, Mass., of Father James Fitton, who purchased the site of Holy Cross College and erected a building for the advanced education of young men.

1916—Death of Mr. Raymond Asquith, son of the then Prime Minister of England and a Lieutenant in the English Grenadier Guards, a tablet being erected in Amiens Cathedral to his memory.

September Sixteenth

1087—Death of Victor III, the Pope who was taken ill when saying his first Mass after his coronation.

1797—Birth of Mr. Levi Silliman Ives who, having been Episcopalian Bishop of North Carolina, was converted to the Church, his wife also becoming a Catholic. He died in New York in 1867.

1892—Death of Cardinal Howard, a Papal diplomatist who, before entering Orders, had been an officer in the English Life Guards, and who in that capacity, being an exceptionally tall man, had led the troops in the State procession at the funeral of the Duke of Wellington.

September Seventeenth

1554—Letter from Cardinal Cervini speaks of Vatican Library, then newly opened to scholars at fixed hours, as the "greatest treasure the Apostolic See possessed." Cervini subsequently became Marcellus II, the Pope who bought up quantities of obscene books to have them burned.

1621—Death of Cardinal (Blessed Robert) Bellarmine, whose bearded face gave his name to a certain type of jugs now much sought after by collectors.

1637—Death of Gerard Corbington, an Englishman who, at the age of 70, separated from his wife to enter the Society of Jesus, the lady becoming a Benedictine nun.

1870—General Kanzler, Commander of the Papal Army, formally refuses the surrender of Rome. But subsequently, on the Pope's appeal to prevent useless bloodshed, the gates are opened after a merely formal defence.

1918—Death of Cardinal John Farley, Archbishop of New York.

September Eighteenth

323—Constantine, Emperor of Rome, grants a toleration to the Catholic Faith.

1607—Cardinal Bellarmine writes to George Blackwell, Archpriest

of England during the suspension of the Hierarchy and Vicariates-Apostolic, warning him against allowing his flock to take the Oath of Allegiance to the Throne as Spiritual Head of the Church, such Oath, which would have led to a suspension of persecution, being specifically forbidden by the Holy See.

1864—Beatification of Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque, to whom was revealed the devotion to the Sacred Heart.

1873—Execution at Versailles of one of the Communist murderers of the Archbishop of Paris.

September Nineteenth

304—Feast of St. Januarius, San Gennaro of Naples, and the Liquefaction of his blood, a miracle since repeated through the centuries.

690—Death of St. Theodore, aged 88, a Greek monk who had been appointed by the Holy See as Archbishop of Canterbury and who had first introduced proper Church music into England.

1899—The two Archbishops of the Anglican Church of England having issued an order forbidding the ceremonial use of incense, large numbers of the Anglican clergy, having carefully considered the matter, reply with a manifesto deciding on the whole and under certain conditions to obey the order.

September Twentieth

536—Death of St. Agapetus I, the Pope who defied the great Emperor Justinian. Pope only one year.

1576—Death of Jerome Cardano, a famous Italian doctor who was brought to Scotland to attend the Archbishop Hamilton who was a friend of Mary, Queen of Scots. He was last pre-"reformation" Primate of Scotland and first Scottish Prelate to suffer death penalty for the Faith. The doctor's trip from London to Edinburgh took 23 days. (Now an 8-hours' journey.)

1869—Monsieur Loyson, the famous "Pere Hyacinthe" of Paris, a very popular ex-Carmelite preacher, "resigns" from the Catholic Church as a protest against the dogma of Papal Infallibility.

1870—Cannonading of Rome. Pius IX says Mass during the firing.

1899—Church of St. Francis, Lima, Peru, burned down. Had been founded by Pizarro in 1535.

1927—Sea-planes rush doctors and Sisters to fire at Catholic

school at Isle la Blonde, 300 miles north of Prince Albert, Saskatchewan, Canada. Nineteen children burned.

September Twenty-first

1558—Charles V, the great Emperor of Spain, dies in the Monastery of St. Just.

1638—Urban VIII beatifies John of God, now, of course, a Saint. He is the patron of hospitals.

1676—Election of Innocent XI, a Pope so popular that even during the Conclave his name was being shouted by the mob in the Roman streets.

1795—"Battle of the Diamond," the Diamond here being the name of a village near Armagh in Ireland, an event which led to the foundation of the anti-Catholic Orange Order.

1851—Beatification of Blessed, now Saint, Peter Claver.

September Twenty-second

1774—Death of Clement XIV, Pope who founded Museum Pio-Clementino in Rome.

1792—Proclamation of the First French Republic and decision to abolish God. Note: He still exists.

1824—Birth of future Cardinal Mermillod, the champion of Catholicism in Switzerland.

1866—The Drury Lane Theatre of London, reopens with "King John," the audience vociferously cheering the anti-Papal speeches—"Under my feet I trample thy Cardinal's Hat," etc., the Church being then extremely unpopular.

1906—State of Argentina issues official decree limiting power of Freemasonry.

September Twenty-third

623—Death at Cloyne, Ireland, of St. Finbarr, Bishop and Patron of Cork, buried in that cathedral.

1247—Henry III of England grants Charter to Brethren of the House of Bethlehem, the Bedlam of later days, and the first attempt in England to alleviate the lot of the insane.

1894—Four Bishops of Episcopalian Church of Ireland consecrate a Senor Cabrera as "Bishop of the Spanish Protestant Church." Step instantly repudiated by Episcopalian Bishops of England.

1911—Father Bernard Vaughan, S.J., a famous preacher at the great Jesuit Church in Farm Street, London, and the author of the well-known "Sins of Society" sermons, begins his second tour through the United States to collect funds for

the needy Missions of Zambesi.

September Twenty-fourth

366—Death of Liberius, Pope who founded Basilica of St. Mary Major in Rome.

1143—Death of Innocent II, the Pope who made St. Malachy, Archbishop of Armagh, Papal Legate for all Ireland.

1493—The second expedition of Columbus starts with twelve missionaries under Father Bernardo Buil, a Benedictine monk.

1885—Question between Spain and Germany as to ownership of Caroline Islands in the Pacific referred to Holy See for arbitration.

1892—The Death of Patrick Sarsfield Gilmore, the "Father of Military Bands" in United States. In 1858 had founded Gilmore's Band, famous throughout America.

September Twenty-fifth

1865—Start of the famous cases of diabolical possession at Illfurt in Alsace, where a monument even now commemorates a sequence of events once world-famous.

1902—Future Cardinal John Farley becomes Archbishop of New York.

1905—Issue of Vatican edition of Gregorian Chant, which now becomes generally binding as Church music. The Papal "Motu Proprio" Decree of 1903 had condemned the theatrical music once used in Catholic churches.

1927—Monument unveiled at Ostend to Monsieur Beernaert, a Belgian statesman prominent on the Catholic side of his country's politics. Had died 1912.

September Twenty-sixth

304—Martyrdom of St. Cyprian of Antioch, a notorious sorcerer who had become converted to the Church.

1513—Vasco Nunez de Balboa first sees the Pacific Ocean. "Te Deum laudamus" was chanted, and a huge cross erected on the summit of the mountain from which the first view was obtained.

1875—Fierce anti-Catholic rioting in Montreal, Canada, a Catholic procession attacked and one man killed.

September Twenty-seventh

297—Martyrdom of Sts. Cosmas and Damian, traditional patrons of barbers and surgeons.

1540—Generally accepted date of the actual foundation of Society of Jesus by Papal Bull.

1627—Birth at Dijon of future Bishop Bossuet of Meaux, famous

Court preacher under Louis XIV and a champion of the Catholic Church in France.

1660—Death of St. Vincent de Paul—the Apostle of Charity.

1700—Death of Innocent XII, the Pope who called the poor "his nephews" and turned part of the Lateran Palace into a hospital for the needy.

1908—Athletic Festival opened in Vatican precincts under the patronage of the Pope.

September Twenty-eighth

936—Death of St. Wenceslas, the Christian King of Bohemia, who was murdered by his own brother.

1742—Birth of Massillon, the famous French preacher.

1834—Mr. Alexander Raphael becomes first "Roman Catholic" Sheriff of City of London since the "reformation." Tremendous popular uproar.

September Twenty-ninth

1227—Pope Gregory IX excommunicates the Emperor Frederick II.

1591—Election of Innocent IX, the Pope who prohibited all alienation of Church property.

1798—Bishop (afterwards Archbishop) Carroll dedicates the second Catholic Church opened in Boston.

1803—Dedication of Holy Cross Church, Boston.

1926—Funeral of Cardinal Touchet, Bishop of Orleans, France. 50,000 people attend the ceremony.

September Thirtieth

420—Death of St. Jerome, the great Doctor Scholar of the Church

653—Death of St. Honorius, fifth Archbishop of Canterbury, England, and one of the disciples of Pope Gregory.

1859—Born John J. Wynne, who in 1876 entered Society of Jesus and afterwards founded the Catholic Encyclopaedia.

1869—Hundred volunteers leave Montreal, Canada, for Rome to join the Papal Zouaves.

1875—John Cardinal McCloskey, Archbishop of New York and the first Cardinal of North American birth, is received into his titular church in Rome.

1897—Death of St. Teresa (The Little Flower) of the Child Jesus.

1909—Pius X interdicts for ten days the town of Adria in Northern Italy as a punishment for an attack on their Bishop. Probably the only instance of a general interdict in modern days.

JONAS OF THE



WATER- -WAY- BY ENID DINNIS

THE one thing which is unanimously agreed upon in regard to the life of St. Christopher is that the legend popularly attached to his name is purely allegorical. This being the case one need have no compunction in presenting the reader with another version of the legend of St. Christopher which, for all that it lays no claim to truth, may serve to elucidate rather than complicate the story of the undocumented saint, known to the faithful by his nick-name of "Christ-bearer," and for his unfailing kindness to travellers by land and water.

* * * *

THE Fathers of the Desert monasteries were one in deciding that Jonas had no vocation to their kind of life. He had applied to each in turn and received the same answer. Jonas was a big hulk of a fellow who made up in sinews what he lacked in brains. To say that he was good-natured to a fault was to express the condition of things to a nicety. Jonas had a tongue which wagged like the tail of a friendly dog every time that he marked the approach of a fellow-being—he was not unlike a big, friendly mastiff. And when the tongue of Jonas was set agoing the words came with the swiftness of light which, astronomers will tell you, is a very great pace. After his sixth or seventh breakage of the great Silence, volubly owned up to at the chapter of faults, they would take Jonas by his broad shoulders and push him out of the monastery.

Even the Abbot Paul, in whose monastery Jonas sojourned for a whole three weeks (the Abbot Paul liked the way Jonas said his prayers, and wagged his tail when called to his task), felt impelled to move Jonas on. It was after he had slapped the fair-haired novice on the back on the way to the dormitory and cheerily bidding him "dream of angels," that the Abbot led Jonas to the

door and sent him on his way with a loaf of bread and a hunch of cheese. The fish-glue of contrition had been unable to mend the broken silences. "Go and live as a solitary," the Abbot said, with some sarcasm, "and you will then be out of temptation's way."

Jonas wagged his drooping tail. "Yes, Father Abbot," he replied, and received his bread and cheese on his bended knees. Jonas had not what is called a resourceful mind and it was sheer accident that fixed him in his vocation. It happened like this: As he journeyed across the country he came to a river that had to be forded by the pedestrian taking that route. It was knee-deep, and moreover there was a strong current. He had picked up a companion by the way, a Hebrew pedler or merchant, perhaps it would be more polite to say, who had willingly shared his loaf and cheese (saving his own victuals for another occasion), and in return had listened to the naive thoughts of Jonas as they poured off his artless tongue.

When they reached the river Jonas put in a foot and measured the depths, he eyed the rocks that peeped up above the water and then, turning to his companion, sized him up. The Jew was a man of poor physique. "If you chanced to stumble with your pack," quoth he, with the unexpected wisdom of the slow-witted, "belike you would be spoiling what is inside it. I am taller and stronger than you. Get you onto my back, and I will carry you over."

The Jew was quite willing to do this. So Jonas bent down and the other mounted, and in such wise crossed the river without so much as wetting the toe of his shoe.

"I wish I might find you here when I come back," he said to Jonas. "A bridge is badly needed at this spot. If a fellow of your size," he went on, "had a dwelling here he easily might make a living by carrying travellers

across; only of course," he added reflectively, "he would find it monstrous dull."

"Why dull?" Jonas asked. "In the meanwhile he could say his prayers." Up in Heaven no "great silence" was imposed on a wight who had much to say for himself.

And that was how it all came about. They continued their journey together, and when they reached the city on the outskirts of the desert the Hebrew merchant interested a friend of his in the scheme and persuaded him to pay for the erection of a shanty near to the fording-place in which Jonas could take up his abode. This being achieved the Jew could now make the journey dry-shod and with no risk to his merchandise.

The scheme worked out admirably. Jonas was able to grow a few herbs and vegetables in his little garden and so find sustenance for his body without taking recompense from those whom he assisted. What use, he asked himself, had he for money? True he would require garments, and they did not grow in the garden, but Providence would arrange for that.

ONE day he happened to be explaining his mode of living to his Hebrew acquaintance when he was carrying him pick-a-back across the ford, and in his amazement the rider let go of his steed's neck and fell into the water. He was still suffering from the shock when Jonas took him into his cottage to dry his garments by a wood fire kindled for the purpose. In return for his kindness the peddler made him a present of one of his undertunics, which took too long to dry, and moreover was sadly in need of mending.

It was too shabby to be carried in the pack instead of on his person, so the merchant made a benefaction of it, and the ferryman acquired a garment suited to his austere notions of the wherewithal for clothing the body. He used it for patching his

own more voluminous garment, for his grateful client also made him a present of a needle and thread from his pack!

SO THE unwieldy Jonas found an occupation suited to his capacities. Had not Father Abbot bidden him go and live as a solitary? Quite a good number of travellers came that way for the bridge was a long way round, the ford a very definite short cut. At first the ferryman confined himself to such pedestrians as needed assistance. The aged or the infirm, or those who had a pack on their backs. The rich would gladly have hired his services but the ferryman had a rooted objection to money. Surefooted wealth had to fend for

itself whilst Jonas continued his prayers, as often as not, for the voluble brother had much to say in his tiny oratory, and he made a little squint which gave him a view of his client from afar off, so that he might use discrimination.

So Jonas might have gone on and ended his days without receiving any official charge in the world beyond the grave, which we know contains many busy inhabitants, had it not been for a certain traveller who came that way, who chanced to be a poet, and what a later age has chosen to call a mystic.

The traveller was an ethereal-looking youth, one who might easily enough be carried off his feet by the swift current, or, it might be, get

himself entangled in a snag in the crossing, for poets are proverbially absent-minded and given to making rhymes out on the highways, if the inspiration comes. Moreover, this young man, like the Jew, had a precious load, to wit, a poem written down on parchment, which he carried in his wallet. It would certainly not do for him to slip on the waterway.

He picked up the bell which was set on a stone near the water's edge and gave it a peal, whereat Jonas emerged from his hut with a half-said prayer in his mouth, which turned itself into a cheery greeting when he saw his client.

Jonas soon had him on his back, and set him down on the other side with a still cheerier "Love love you!" For he liked the feel of the poet. The latter was duly impressed by his refusal to take a fee. It was strange, this finding an unceasing sport in fighting the currents with someone on one's back.

The poet had been living the life of a contemplative in one of the monasteries (he had found that it contained too much basket-making for his kind of spirituality). He listened while Jonas told him his story—how he had never been able to keep the silences, nor to mend the broken ones with even the stiffest of penances. So it had come to this with him. The young man from the monastery was fain to say something consoling. He spoke of the cup of cold water given to the least of the little ones, and reminded the ferryman of the words of the Gospel. Everyone whom he, Jonas, carried across the chill waters was the One who said, "ye do it unto Me." It is well to be a poet and a mystic for these happy thoughts come into the mind at the right time.

JONAS was delighted. He wagged his tail, metaphorically speaking, as hard as it would go. Then he knelt down and asked the poet for his blessing, which was peculiar.

As for the poet, he went on his way enamored of an idea which had occurred to his fertile brain. By the time he had reached his destination it had shaped itself into a story, to be told in verse and embellished with poetic fancies. It might even prove to be a masterpiece.

And Jonas? Jonas continued to carry his passengers with renewed zest. Nowadays he kept a strict watch out for all who came and everybody was sure of getting a lift.



F. HARRISON.

"Get you onto my back and I will carry you over."



"He lies buried here where his hut used to be. He died at his task—"

The big, healthy folk as well as the old and infirm: the rich as well as the poor. Aforetime Jonas had on occasions, peeped out of his little window and chuckled to see some fine popinjay wetting his finery, after ringing the ferryman's bell in vain. Nowadays everybody got a lift.

PEOPLE came to laugh at the big fellow who so resembled the steed whose part he played or, rather superseded, for even those who came on horse-back found it safer to mount Jonas, for the ferryman was light, as well as sure-footed, and there was less danger of getting splashed, not to mention the danger of the snags, whose position Jonas knew whereas the rider's steed did not.

Jonas used to cut a queer figure in these days. He depended for his garments on the generosity of his clients, and when his tunic was falling to pieces at a rate which sug-

gested that he might be reduced to living inside a basket, like one of the holy Fathers in the desert, a rich and waggish client presented him with a really smart tunic of red velvet. Jonas donned it, with a cheery laugh at his unwonted grandeur. It soon assumed a more congruous appearance, that was one thing. Velvet does not take kindly to constant immersion, but the incident enhanced the comic side of the ferryman whom everybody agreed was a little bit touched—else, why be so anxious to save a man as big and hale as oneself from the inconvenience of wetting his feet—and take no money for it? The children used to love to come to the ferry and call out to the ferryman to give them a ride. He would come out from his little oratory and comply with their request, knowing full well that it was only a game of play.

Meanwhile the poet had worked

hard on the poem which had suggested itself to his mind after his encounter with the ferryman. It was the story of a giant who had unwittingly carried the Christ-child on his back when acting as ferryman at a river ford.

DECIMUS, which was the poet's name, showed his work when it was in course of construction to a literary friend who had collaborated with him before now. This friend, Lucian will do for his name—(that names do not matter is one of the morals of this story) suggested some padding behind the main incident. The giant should be represented as a great fighter. He might be made to refuse to take service under the devil because he saw the latter trembling before a crucifix. Lucian was a new convert and full of fervor, as new converts are. His suggestions commended themselves to Decimus, and

all went well with the poem. Finally, they agreed to call the giant "Christopher," a smooth-sounding rendering of "Christ-bearer."

THE poem proved a success. It was copied by many hands and recited by many tongues. When Lucian went away to seek his fortune in various parts of the Roman Empire *The Epic of Christopher* went with him. It found its way to Rome and Athens and other parts of the cultured world.

Decimus remained in the seclusion of his native city on the borders of the desert. He was an inveterate dreamer, and contentedly sent his happy thoughts abroad whilst he stayed at home not so much as enquiring as to their destination.

It was late in life when the two friends met again. Lucian had become a great man in the Forum, a great exponent of modern thought. Decimus wondered how it had fared with his faith. The pagan world was not an ideal nursery for religion.

Before they had been long together Decimus, with his quick intuition, discovered that there was something wrong with his friend. He discovered it when they were making a journey together. It was many years since the poet had made a journey. His friend had insisted on this expedition to a centre of culture some distance off. Their path lay across a desert place traversed by a river. They were approaching a fine handsome bridge which spanned the stream at a point where formerly there had been a ford.

They were discussing religious problems, Decimus the dreamer and Lucian the lawyer.

"By the way," Lucian remarked—there was something in his tone that the other did not quite like—"I suppose you have heard of 'St. Christopher'?"

"St. Christopher? No. Who may he be?"

His friend matched the tone of his voice to suit the reply. "The Christopher of your epic. Have you forgotten the *Epic of Christopher*?"

Decimus had not quite forgotten it. He regarded the speaker perplexedly.

"No, I remember it quite well, but—there was no such person, I invented it."

"I know you did," Lucian answered, "but that makes no difference, the world is convinced that there really was such a person. Your poem has had a most tremendous vogue. All the travellers are invoking

the aid of 'St. Christopher.' They firmly believe that he exists!"

Decimus was plainly discomfited. "Well, at any rate," he said, "they will give up St. Christopher when their prayers are not answered."

His friend eyed him with a grim light in his eye.

"But their prayers are answered," he said. "St. Christopher has worked authenticated miracles. He has saved shipwrecked crews from death, and chariots and horsemen from misadventure."

"They cannot have been real miracles," Decimus objected.

"Granted they were not," the other said, drily. "But, then, the trouble comes in, what is a real miracle? We have to reckon with the power which is working Christopher's miracles when we teach concerning the miracles of Heaven. All the saints are implicated, so to speak."

Decimus remained silent. The sculptor who saw his marble come to life could not have been more stupefied than he. But the sculptor at least had no conscience pang, whereas poor Decimus was suffering hideously. What was this that he had done? All unwittingly, but none the less with direful results. The faith of Lucian had received a jar. That was plain.

"The worst of it is," Lucian continued, "the thing will go on and on. Why, man-alive! In two thousand years from now, when men have learnt to drive horseless chariots, and go like the wind, they will be putting an image of 'St. Christopher' in front of them and claiming his protection!"

"Strangely enough, it was on this very road that the idea for the poem first came to me," Decimus said. "I can't remember how it originated—yes, I do, though. There was a ford hereabouts and a man carried me over on his back. A little thing like that will give the germ of a thought."

They were approaching the bridge which had been erected over the river since the days when Jonas had plied his calling there. A man was standing near, taking toll of the passengers. Decimus addressed him. "When I was here last," he remarked, "there was no bridge, one had to ford the stream, unless one got carried across by the ferryman who used to be here."

"Ah," the man replied, "that would be old Jonas. There was nothing to pay in his time. My father used to tell me stories about him. They used to say that he was a simpleton, and the boys used to ride backwards and

forwards on his back, for the sport of it. He never refused anyone. He would say that he was a lone man and glad to exchange a word with a fellow creature, but he exchanged words enough, for they came in shoals when they found that they could get across the ford dry-shod."

"I remember him quite well now," Decimus said. "Did he not come here from one of the monasteries?"

The man nodded. "He told my father that he came here because Almighty God and His saints were the only ones who did not get tired of the wagging of his tongue, so he came here to say his prayers. 'Then if that be so,' says my father, 'why do you let the rabble call you forth from your prayers?' My father always remembered his answer."

"I once carried a youth across the ford," he said, "that was an angel from Heaven. He gave me consoling words when I told him my story, saying that every time I did it to one of these I did it to Christ my Lord. And after that I did believe that whoever came calling it was Christ Himself. I did seem to see Him standing there calling me," quoth he."

The speaker turned his eyes towards a pile of stones near the water-side. "He lies buried there," he said, "where his hut used to be. He died at his task—dropped down in the water from weakness when he was carrying a lout that was too drunk to keep his feet, and so was drowned himself after all that he had saved others. My father always would have it that he was a saint, but what is the good of a saint that no one has ever heard of? They have all forgotten old Jonas, they that had heard of him."

"I remember him well," Decimus repeated. "All comes back to me."

He considered in himself. Should he tell the toll-gate man that it had been he, and no heavenly visitant, who had spoken the consoling words to Jonas? He decided to keep the information for Lucian.

The two friends continued their way, across the bridge and past the rough heap of stones on the roadside. Lucian pulled up before the wooden cross which surmounted it.

"Shall we say a prayer to St. Christopher?" he asked.

THE countenance of the poet radiated.

"Why not?" he said. "He's in Heaven right enough, and unless I am much mistaken he will go on helping travellers."

Patrick F. Moran: 1830-1930

By JOSEPH HOLDEN

THE Catholic Church, ever since she began her Divine Mission on the Day of Pentecost, has never lacked defenders in times of tribulation; nor have her many works of spiritual and of corporal benefit to mankind languished for want of devoted champions and zealous protagonists.

Not all the Church's children during past ages have been exemplars of her teaching; yet whenever she has been attacked, either through her Faith, or through any of the works which she undertakes in fulfilment of her commission to "teach all nations," there has come forth some valiant soul whose labors have helped to nullify the evil consequences of hostile activities. This is an undeniable fact to which the pages of Church History bear ample testimony, not of a particular period only, but even of our own day.

Volumes have been written about the deeds of heroic pioneers and defenders of the Faith in the continent of America alone, to say nothing of the Church's apostles in other parts of the world. A pending centenary, therefore, affords us an opportunity to relate briefly the story of one who, although not an early pioneer, nevertheless did much to build up the Church of God in a distant land, of which the United States may be not inappropriately regarded as a prototype. The story should have an interest for all English-speaking Catholics considering that the subject of our sketch was born of that Aaronical race which is the backbone of the Catholic Church in these countries; moreover, he ruled a See, the archiepiscopal chair of which is in a city which is sometimes called the "New York of the Southern Hemisphere."

We refer to a distinguished ecclesiastic whose achievements as a dignitary of the Church and as a man of letters were in keeping with the best traditions of the Isle of Saints and Scholars—Patrick Francis Cardinal Moran, third Archbishop of Sydney, Primate of all Australia, who was born at Leighlinbridge, County Carlow, Ireland, on September 16, 1830.

The Cardinal has been dead these nineteen years and, although his name once was famous throughout the Catholic world, the number of those who knew him in life or who remember his works will gradually diminish. This sketch essays to be a respectful tribute to the venerable memory of him who was a Pillar of the Church and a vigilant Bishop of souls in the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries.

Having had the misfortune to lose both parents in early childhood, the future Prince of the Holy Roman Church was taken to Rome at the age of twelve to be educated for the priesthood at the Irish College, of which his uncle on his mother's side, Dr. Paul Cullen, was then Rector. As a student young Moran evinced that keen zest for learning, and that remarkable talent for administration and organization, and those sterling qualities of zeal and energy in God's service which featured his whole life and every undertaking.

Having been ordained priest in 1853, and having taken his doctor's degree, Dr. Moran was in 1856 appointed vice-Rector of the Irish College, a post which he retained for ten years under Monsignor Kirby, who succeeded to the Rectorate when Dr. Cullen became Archbishop of Armagh*.

Although at the same time occupying the chair of Hebrew at the College of Propaganda, Dr. Moran combined with his duties at the Irish College a special study of Irish Church History, a task which was facilitated by his right of access to original documents in the Vatican Archives. The initial result of his researches was the publication in 1862 of "An Historical Sketch of the Persecution suffered by the Catholics of Ireland

*It was Dr. Cullen who, as Rector of the College of Propaganda, saved that institution from confiscation by the Roman Triumvirate in 1849, by the simple expedient of invoking the aid of Mr. Lewis Cass, then United States Minister in Rome, who promptly ordered the American ensign to be hoisted over the college buildings, thereby frustrating the evil designs of the revolutionaries.

under Cromwell and the Puritans." This was followed in 1864 by "Essays on the Origin, Doctrines, and Discipline of the Early Irish Church," a scholarly work which established Dr. Moran's reputation as a historian and a scholar.

Now, while a true son of the "Happy Church in which the Apostles poured out their whole teaching with their blood," Dr. Moran felt the natural call of his native land; and in 1866 he returned to Ireland to become private secretary to his uncle, Cardinal Cullen, who then occupied the Archiepiscopal Chair of Dublin. In this post, however, Dr. Moran had no sinecure, for he was also a Professor of Scripture at Clonliffe College, as well as assistant Editor of the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*. In 1869 he accompanied Cardinal Cullen to Rome when the Vatican Council was convened, and was chosen to act as procurator for one of the absent bishops. In 1872 Dr. Moran was appointed coadjutor to the then Bishop of Ossory, an aged prelate whom he succeeded in the following year.

Bishop Moran had ruled the ancient See of St. Kieran for more than ten years when he was called upon to navigate the Bark of Peter through stormy seas in a distant part of the world. Threatening clouds upon the horizon heralded the approach of a huge tidal wave of secularism with spiritual destruction in its train; and the weakest of the Bark's human freight were in peril of being dashed to pieces on the cruel reefs of Know-Nothingism and sin, or of being sucked into the treacherous quicksands of godless education.

DEATH had robbed the Catholics of Australia of their Primate; and to fill the vacancy Pope Leo XIII personally chose—as His Holiness publicly stated—Bishop Moran. The new Archbishop reached Sydney late in the year 1884 to find the Church recovering from the effects of a severe and prolonged buffeting, and her schools deprived of all financial help from the public purse. In characteristic fashion Archbishop

Moran at once took up the means of defense which Archbishop Roger Vaughan had outlined, and, supported by a loyal laity, he reorganized the Catholic parochial school system so thoroughly that, despite the fact that Catholics were forced to foot the entire bill, very soon it was acknowledged to be superior to the State secular system which a coterie of politicians had succeeded in establishing by legal statute.

AND so it became manifest that it was on the island-continent Archbishop Moran was to excel in those inherent qualities which he contrived to combine with his characteristic militant Catholicism in defense of Holy Church regardless of his own personal popularity. In consequence his utterances and actions were often misconstrued and misjudged in hostile religious and political circles; and he frequently suffered at the hands of Press cartoonists.

But he was a typical Celt, honest and direct to a degree, with a contempt of the world's shams and trivialities; yet under a seemingly brusque exterior there lay a heart of gold and a soul full of the tenderest sympathy. Like all men with any strength of character, he was not without opponents—the presence of a strong local Orange element ever tended to provoke conflict—but he was amply recompensed by the intense love and devotion of his own flock, and the deserved respect of the whole community.

In 1885 he was called to Rome by the Pope; and the rumor spread that he was about to be translated to Dublin; but he returned to the antipodes as a Cardinal of the Holy Roman Church. The foundations of the Australian Church were laid before Cardinal Moran arrived in Australia; but it was he who raised its magnificent superstructure.

An untiring worker ever zealous for the greater glory of God, the record of his official acts during his twenty-seven years episcopate is marvelous. Having placed the parochial schools on a secure basis, he next turned his attention to the education of students for the priesthood. In 1888 a site of eighty acres was secured at Manly Beach, a Pacific Coast resort, upon which was built St. Patrick's Interdiocesan Seminary. Another site of six-hundred acres was purchased at Springwood, in the Blue Mountains, and there St. Columba's Preparatory Seminary, and

Foreign Missionary College, arose. These two foundations the Cardinal erected at his own expense and presented them as a free gift to the Catholic Church in Australia. They are his most enduring monuments—raised by his own hand. Other institutions which owe their origin more or less directly to his initiative include thirty or more churches, convents, schools, and hospitals in the Diocese of Sydney; and they stand as additional memorials of his greatness.

Cardinal Moran consecrated, or assisted in the dedication of, the cathedral churches of Melbourne, Ballarat, Bendigo, Bathurst, Lismore, Hobart, Rockhampton, and Auckland. In the closing years of his life, when the feebleness of age was creeping on, he traveled to West Australia State—a tiresome journey by railroad and sea—in order to consecrate an Archbishop. (This would be something like going from New York to San Francisco via New Orleans and Galveston.) As Primate of all Australia, Cardinal Moran consecrated fourteen bishops, ordained about five hundred priests, professed five thousand nuns, and dedicated more than five hundred churches.

The practical nature of his democratic principles was well known to and appreciated by Australian workers (sons of free settlers; convictism, as in Massachusetts, having been long since abolished). During the great strike which convulsed the fifth continent in the 'nineties of the last century, Cardinal Moran is known to have entertained and counselled harbor workers' labor-leaders at the cathedral residence on more than one occasion. In politics he was a prominent and, where the Church and her works were concerned, a militant personality.

He whole-heartedly supported Australian Federation; and participated in preliminary discussions which took place between inter-State politicians. Later, he narrowly missed election to the National Convention which drafted the Australian Commonwealth Constitution at the beginning of the present century. This reverse was said to be due to the wiles of Masonic and Orange opponents. Nevertheless, he never neglected to seize an opportunity which might tend to direct Australian nascent national aspirations into desirable channels; and it may be assumed that, after his own dear Erin, Australia came next in his affections.

He spent his best years in her

service and has left a blazed trail amid the spiritual and political backwoods of that rising young Commonwealth—the youngest sister of the great American Republic. Sir Henry Parkes, a political opponent who was Premier in the Cardinal's day, and who was instrumental in introducing secular education, paid disinterested tribute when he said: "The Australian National Federal cause had no more earnest, no more eloquent, no more powerful advocate than Cardinal Moran."

The Cardinal was an authority on Church history, archaeology, and hagiology; and it is a matter for wonder how he found time to write so many works of erudition—the outpourings of a mind well stocked in sacred lore—which, besides those already alluded to, included a "History of the Church in Australasia," and "The Beginnings of the Church in the United States of America." When presiding over the first Australian National Catholic Congress in September, 1900, His Eminence spoke on "The Catholic Church in the Nineteenth Century," and he instanced the progress of Catholicism in the United States as a remarkable example of the Church's growth during the preceding hundred years.

Church extension within his sphere of jurisdiction seemed to be his aim; and he did his best to attain it by introducing as many of the Religious Orders as could take advantage of his cordial invitation. It may interest our readers to know that in the year 1887 four Passionist Fathers and several lay-brothers from the Anglo-Irish Province of the Order, invited and encouraged by His Eminence, established a monastery and opened a church in Sydney, from whence other monasteries have become offshoots in various parts of the country.

In reviewing the life of Cardinal Moran in the light of his manifold achievements we deem it not presumptuous to opine that his manifest uniform policy was ever in accord with the spirit embodied in those sacred words: "Thy Kingdom come; Thy Will be done." For, as he himself said: "To do the will of my Divine Master must be my life, my light, my love, my all."

STRICT in things relating to religion, he was more considerate of others than of himself. To the erring, the foolish, the weak, he was forbearing. Apathy called forth his sternest censures, yet his severity was always tempered with kindly native

humor. To some who, as boys, remember him, he stands out as a prominent personality of the early twentieth century—venerable, dignified, ascetic in appearance; a man of God in every fibre of his being, the glory of God his purpose.

Dying as he had lived, with his hand not far from the plow, unexpectedly called to his reward on the

morrow of the Feast of the Assumption, 1911, his mortal frame was laid to rest beside those of Archbishop Polding and the pioneer priests of Australia in St. Mary's Cathedral, Sydney. St. Mary's is a glorious fane which His Eminence strove hard to complete; but that was a work which was destined to be accomplished by Archbishop Kelly, on

whom the dead Prelate's mantle has fallen.

It is a privilege to be allowed to pay loving tribute to the happy memory of so distinguished a Prince of the Church, so illustrious an Irishman, so learned a scholar, as Patrick Francis. Cardinal of the Holy Roman Church, of the Church of Saint Susanna.

The Motion Picture Code

By EUGENE WEARE

WHEN George M. Cohan put into a play the diverting episodes of the Get-Rich-Quick-Wallingford stories, he wrote into the final act the character of a detective. Those who witnessed this remarkable piece of dramatic writing will recall how, after the Colonel and his faithful ally, Mr. Blackie Daw, had made good by "going straight," had married, and settled down to the hum-drum life of the mid-western town which their own genius had created, their "old pal, Tom Donohoe," chief of the Pinkerton Detective Agency, arrived on the scene—unannounced. Cohan used the visit of the boisterous policeman in an effective manner to build a scene around the meeting of the two former "confidence" men with their one-time adversary which is one of the finest pieces of dramatic writing in modern American drama.

Fortunately for the happy ending of the play, Mr. Donohoe's visit turned out to be a *social* and not a *professional* call. He had heard, he told them, of how they had given up their old ways and were now engaged in legitimate business. But he wanted to see for himself. After Mr. Cohan had permitted the story of their reformation to be unfolded, to the delight of the detective and the enlightenment of the audience, Donohoe was on his way "to pick up a crook in Des Moines," and the two former "confidence" men were left to themselves to philosophize about life in general on a sort of virtue-is-its-own-reward basis. The one-time shifty gentlemen agreed that they had been a "pair of fools" to get mixed up in any sort of shady business and warmly shook hands in agreement

upon the principle that honesty is really the best policy. Then came the "punch" of the entire play. There was a minute or two of silence when the Colonel leaped to his feet:

"I've got an idea," he shouted.

"What is it?" queried his startled companion. "Spit it out."

"Blackie," responded the affable rogue, "let's hire this guy Donohoe and pay him a good salary to watch us so that we may never again get mixed up in any dirty business."

"Jimmie," slowly drawled Blackie Daw, "that's the best idea you ever had." And the end of the play saw the two of them rushing out to catch up with the detective before he could board his train for Des Moines.

RECENTLY the motion picture industry in the United States, third largest in point of money involved and profits accrued, has undertaken a program not unlike that suggested in the closing lines of the Cohan play. The industry itself has called a halt on the production of all questionable or offensive pictures. The producers of motion pictures have said to one another, "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther." Failure on the part of any producer to live up to his agreement will result in the loss of the market for his product.

Unfortunately, very little has appeared in the public prints regarding this very remarkable enterprise. It all came about by way of the adoption of a Code of Morals, the provisions of which are to be observed hereafter in the making of all motion pictures. This Code was adopted last April and its sponsor is the organization known as the Motion Picture

Producers and Distributors Association of America. This organization includes all, or nearly all, the larger producers and distributors of films. The regulations of the Code will prevail in the making of pictures beginning next Fall, the public showing of which ought to come along about the first of the new year.

This action on the part of the producers of the films is significant. It is, likewise, very important. Something like *ninety million* people attend motion picture exhibitions each week of the year. More than half of these are children. Because of this, any set of rules having to do with the *kind* of pictures to be made, is of vast import not only to motion picture audiences, but to the nation at large. The motion picture has a tremendous influence. Most people, and more especially the children, are deeply impressed by what they see and hear in the movies.

It is a strict fact that with great numbers of our people the motion picture, more than the daily newspaper, the weekly, or monthly magazine and even the radio, is a powerful influence for good or evil. If the films put out are of a kind which tend to lower moral standards, to arouse passions, or to plant the seeds of false living, the harm done will be incalculable. If, however, the pictures be wholesome and clean, public reaction will manifest itself in less open and private crime and a more thorough-going respect for law and decency.

Because the motion pictures have this tremendous power to influence, the industry has been seriously concerned with the nature and quality of its product from a moral standpoint.

Private groups—social, cultural, ethical and religious—have sought to do battle with “the problem of the movies.” So, too, have various public, or quasi-public, groups or boards of censorship. Innumerable schemes have been put forward and tried, all with a view to encouraging the clean and wholesome film. But all have shown little worthwhile success. Political censorship, by which it was sought to set up standards of decency as understood by Federal, State or Municipal appointees—the hoary attempt to *make people good* by legislation—has failed utterly. What, then, was or is to be done? The danger is apparent to everybody. What of a remedy?

To the credit of the producers it must be said that the recently adopted Code looks like a serious attempt to solve this very upsetting problem. Certain it is that if the pictures be made in accordance with the regulations of the Code, there will be little call for censorship or surveillance from outside the industry itself. And, if only because of this, the producers ought whole-heartedly to support it. Censorship of pictures, especially of talking pictures, wherein “cuts” from the film have to be made, is a very costly business. Aside from the purely mechanical difficulties which such “cuts” involve, the changes in the textual development of the story militate against the film’s attractiveness and, consequently, jeopardize its value as a box-office attraction. Hence, if only from a purely selfish standpoint, the new Code ought to receive the support and respect of all those engaged in the production of these pictures.

THE theory back of the enterprise is a practical one. The signatories to its provisions have said to themselves in substance: “If there be any need for censorship of films, let us learn that fact before we start to make the picture. Whatever changes are to be made, should be made before the pictures are actually filmed. In this way, we shall escape censorship from the outside and, incidentally, save ourselves thousands of dollars in costly trouble. We shall build up good will by making our product pleasing and attractive to everybody and we shall stave off legislation which may hamper our development.”

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The new Code dwells at some length on this very point. In its Statement of General Principles, it is pointed out very definitely that the motion picture, unlike some other arts, has special moral obligations. Whereas most arts appeal to the mature, the art of the motion picture appeals to every class—the mature and the immature alike. Other arts are so qualified as to enable distinctions to be made. Music, for example, has its different grades for different classes. So, too, with literature and the drama.

But not so with the motion picture. This art, combining as it does the two fundamental appeals of looking at a picture and listening to a story, reaches at once every class of society. Then, too, because of the mobility of the film, and the ease with which copies of it may be sent broadcast throughout the land, this art reaches places unpenetrated by other forms of art. Because of all this, it is difficult to produce films intended for only certain classes of people. The motion picture theatres cater to all classes; consequently, “the latitude given to film material cannot be as wide as the latitude given to book material,” recites the Code.

“A book describes; a film vividly presents,” continues the Code. “A book reaches the mind through words merely; a film reaches the eyes and ears through the reproduction of actual events; the reaction of a reader to a book depends largely on the keen-

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It is regrettable that, due to lack of space, a more detailed discussion of this Code may not be given. Because of its tremendous importance, however, it may not be amiss to endeavor to outline its general scheme with a view to a better understanding of what it is all about.

BEAR in mind that motion pictures nowadays are made with a view to *entertain the masses*. The business of making and marketing these films is a very precarious one and involves great sums of money. The industry, to be successful, must produce films which will attract people to see them, otherwise it cannot long survive. Competition among the various producers is keen. The offending film is oftentimes sought to be justified on the ground that that is the kind of film the public wants. It has been argued that the success or failure of a film depends entirely upon public response by way of the box-office and that, consequently, if a motion picture which offends against public decency be generously patronized, the fault in the matter rests, not with the producer of the film, but rather with the public which patronizes such a film. In other words, if my kids have smallpox and I invite your kids to play with them, it is not my fault if your kids are stricken.

That is the kind of reasoning which has guided certain of the producers for many years. Fortunately, the ratio of all such, compared with the total number of producers, is small. The striking feature of this new Code is that the industry itself gives the lie to all such logic and comes out frankly in its acceptance of the industry’s responsibility in this regard. The Code in its Statement of General Principles asserts at the outset that there is a definite *moral importance* in all entertainment. Correct entertainment raises the moral tone of a nation; “wrong entertainment,” asserts the Code, “lowers the whole living condition and moral ideals of a race.”

The Code denies the oft-repeated

contention that "art, of itself, is immoral—neither right nor wrong," and goes on definitely to recite that "this is perhaps true of the *thing* which is music, painting, poetry, etc., but the thing is the product of some person's mind and that mind is either good or bad morally when it produces the thing. And the thing has its effect upon those who come into contact with it. Consequently, in both these ways, as a product, and the cause of definite effects, it has a deep moral significance and an unmistakable moral quality."

Motion pictures reproduce the morality of the men who make them just as the pictures effect the moral standards of those who patronize the pictures. All of which is emphasized because no art has so quick and widespread an appeal to the masses as has the motion picture. And because of its almost universal popularity, its ready accessibility, its strong emotional appeal, its vividness, the definite moral responsibility of the picture is accentuated and emphasized.

The Code establishes as a working principle of first importance that "no picture should lower the moral standards of those who see it." This means that *evil* is not to be made attractive and *good* made to appear as unattractive. The sympathy of the audience is not to be thrown on the side of crime, wrong-doing or sin. Nor must sympathy be thrown against goodness, honor, innocence, purity, honesty. Evil must not be presented alluringly; evil and good must not be confused and "in the end, the audience must be made to feel that evil is wrong and good is right." Law, natural or divine, must not be belittled, not ridiculed, nor must a sentiment be created against it. The presentation of crimes against the law, where necessary for the development of the plot, must not create sympathy against the law and in favor of the criminal.

The Code admits that sin and evil enter into the lives of human beings and "hence are in themselves dramatic material." But it is pointed out that, in the development of all such plot-material, extreme care must be taken to distinguish between sin which repels and sin which attracts. The Code dwells at length upon the handling of all material which has bearing upon sex questions and cautions in detail concerning the treatment for the films of all such matter. The Code prohibits vulgarity and that particular brand of immorality which goes by

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MUCH discussion in the Code is given to the question of costumes for the motion picture presentations and detailed instructions are included for the guidance of directors. So, too, with dancing. In the matter of locations certain places are to be permitted only under very careful handling. Brothels are set down as "not proper locations for drama" and bedroom scenes are said to be bad dramatic locations. Religion is not to be ridiculed nor are ministers of the Gospel to be used in comedy or as villains or unpleasant persons. Catholics who have strained under ridiculous settings made to represent Catholic ceremonials will take comfort from the provision of the Code which directs that "ceremonies of any religious denominations are to be supervised by someone thoroughly conversant with that religion."

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ance on the ground that a picture is "hot" or "spicy" is "either unethical and misleading or represents truly the quality of a picture at variance with public morals" and is forbidden.

From even a cursory examination of this Code it is easily to be seen that the charge of insufficiency cannot be made against it. It is a genuinely impressive document in which every phase of this none too simple business has been considered. It has all the ear-marks of being a carefully prepared and intelligently ordered program which has about it a broad viewpoint while, at the same time, a thoroughly sound basis in decency and morality.

All of which, however, is of no consequence whatever unless and until its provisions are put into actual practice. If this document is to be permitted to pass simply as a "pious gesture" without serious intent or purpose, they who have conceived it will have labored in vain. But, until sufficient evidence is at hand to warrant such an unbelievable suggestion, it is the part of thinking people everywhere to lend to this enterprise every encouragement. It is not easy to work miracles overnight. Nor is such to be expected. But a good beginning has been made and with reasonable aid and support on the part of those who have been disposed—oftentimes with warrant and reason—to criticize the motion pictures for their offenses, much good is certain to be accomplished.

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(The Stigmata of St. Francis)

By PHILIP HAGREEN

NOW Summer takes her rest and Autumn's tread
Is faintly heard within the drowsy wood
And Spring seems like a memory of the dead,
So silent are the meadows where she stood.
Yet on my house the deep wisteria-leaves
Disclose a purple blossom and the air
Knows once again the tint that April weaves
And the sweet perfume shaken from her hair.

So was it with the world when, dry and dull,
Both leaves and stem awaited Winter's stroke
Of frost or fire. Then, freshly beautiful,
A hidden bud to vernal fragrance broke
And on La Verna's hill for all to see
There bloomed again the flowers of Calvary.

Private groups—social, cultural, ethical and religious—have sought to do battle with “the problem of the movies.” So, too, have various public, or quasi-public, groups or boards of censorship. Innumerable schemes have been put forward and tried, all with a view to encouraging the clean and wholesome film. But all have shown little worthwhile success. Political censorship, by which it was sought to set up standards of decency as understood by Federal, State or Municipal appointees—the hoary attempt to *make people good* by legislation—has failed utterly. What, then, was or is to be done? The danger is apparent to everybody. What of a remedy?

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SHOPPING with the POETS

A PARODY

By KATE STEVENS

SCENE: *A big Department Store.*

CHARACTERS: *A Salesman and a Shopper.*

SALESMAN:

Under the spreading portico
The customer she stands.
Will she come in? Yes, here she is!
I wait on her commands!

SHOPPER:

My cottage is a thatched one,
The outside old and mean,
But all within is modernized,
And wond'rous neat and clean.
Young man, I want some furniture.
What canst thou show to me?

SALESMAN:

Suites of oak are our line;
They are choice, strong, and fine.
The prices are steady.
Follow me! Ready?

A splendid line my pleasure 'tis to show you;
You'll like the pretty tones of grey and blue.

SHOPPER:

I do not like this very well.
The reason why I cannot tell.

SALESMAN:

Here's some work that's dearest,
Though it's dull at times,
But it's reckoned "arty"
And the best of styles.

SHOPPER:

I like it. What's the price?

SALESMAN:

'Tis two hundred and fifty bucks.

SHOPPER:

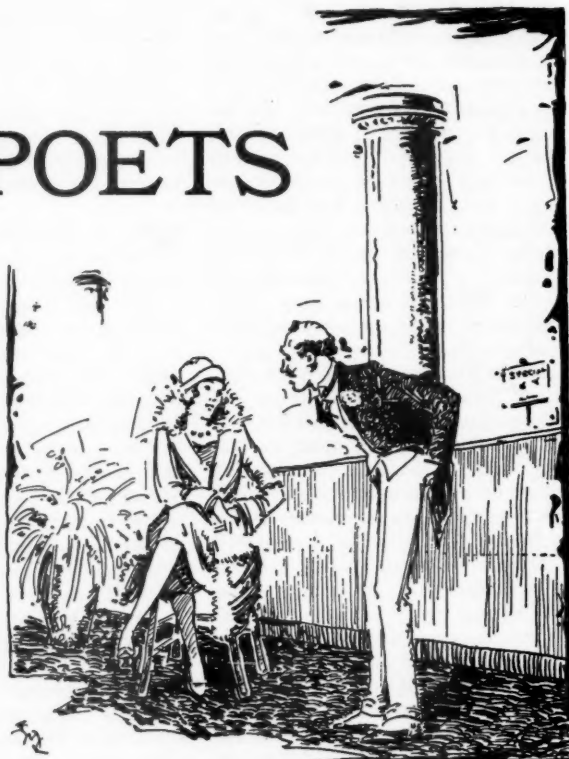
Dear land of our fathers!

SALESMAN:

Mid grand picture palaces though we may roam,
We still want some luxury in the place we call home.

SHOPPER:

In for a penny, in for a pound,
Polish it up and have it sent round.



Seated one day at my fireside
I was weary and ill at ease,
For I hadn't had time to light up,
And my feet were beginning to freeze.

SALESMAN:

I know just what you were saying,
And what you were wanting then—
Our little electric stove; it's made
In the style of a grate! Ah, then,
Madam, thou shouldst have 'phoned us at that hour,
Telling your need, but we can mend
The omission, and the finest little stove
You ever saw, I'll make a note to send.
When all the world is young, madam,
And all the trees are green,
Come, buy a nice armchair, madam,
And grace it like a queen!

SHOPPER:

Ye salesmen of America,
That guard our mighty stores,
Your eloquence would melt a stone.

SALESMAN:

Thank you! The chair is yours!

SHOPPER:

Cheap and low, cheap and low;
This is the chair for me!

SALESMAN:

The night has a thousand eyes,
And the day but one,
Yet you need an electric lamp
When the day is done.

SHOPPER:

It pleases me and you can send it home.
Oft in the chilly night
Ere slumber's chain hath bound me,
I shall switch on the light
And draw the clothes around me.

SALESMAN:

But, madam, what of the morn?
Do you need not a call to rise?
Our little alarms have a gracious sound
That will chase dull sleep from your eyes.

SHOPPER:

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I shall need something that will be
Reliable, upon my soul!

SALESMAN:

See here! What can you ask for more?
A perfect timepiece, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command.



SHOPPER:

The time has come, I really think,
To talk of other things,
Of shoes, and coats, and sealing wax,
Of cabbages and rings.

SALESMAN (*aside*):

Ah, make the most of what she yet may spend,
Ere she too into the lift descend!
Gather your veges while you may;
The time is simply flying.
The sprouts that look quite fresh today
Tomorrow may be dying.

SHOPPER:

Half a pound, half a pound!
Send them on quickly.

SALESMAN:

Half a pound, half a pound,
Half a pound only?
Make it a pound, and they
Won't look so lonely.

SHOPPER:

Charge, salesman, charge!
On, swindler, on!

SALESMAN (*aside*):

Shall I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman swear?
Tell me not in mournful numbers
That you haven't got a bean?

SHOPPER:

Oh, I've got my cheque book with me,
But things are not what they seem!
I remember, I remember,
I promised him this morn:
A vest for my dear hubby;
His other one is torn.

SALESMAN:

A vest? You cannot buy it here;
This is the Food Department.
Oh, eats is eats, and vests is vests,
Betimes the twain do meet.

SHOPPER:

Then I must go down in the lift again,
To the lower basement floor.

SALESMAN:

And there you will find some fountain pens.
Today we've sold a score.
The moving finger writes,
And having writ, moves on;
Nor all your rubber charged with grit
Can lure it back to cancel half a line!

SHOPPER:

I write to nobody, no, not I,
And nobody writes to me!

SALESMAN:

If true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis, if true.

SHOPPER:

I need some fish. I pray you, is it fresh?

SALESMAN:

Fresh indeed, and full of vitamins.
'Tis the products of the sea
That have made us strong and free,
And will keep us what we are!
Pray look and take your choice.

(*She hesitates.*)

They also serve who only stand and wait!

SHOPPER:

Two soles with but a single tail;
Two soles that look like one.

SALESMAN:

They grew in beauty side by side.

SHOPPER:

Indeed!

SALESMAN:

Sigh no more, lady, sigh no more;
Fish was deceiving ever.

Hake is at its best; 'twas caught a thousand miles away.

(*Aside*) That's a fib, but how is she to know?
Plaice is very nice, and all the haddock's in today.

SHOPPER:

Tell me, what's that mass of stuff below?

SALESMAN:
'Tis the last roes of summer!

SHOPPER:
Just weigh me a pound.
I like them on toast.
Will you have them sent round?

SALESMAN:
No, ma'am, I fear we cannot send today.

SHOPPER:
It's the wrong way to be contrary.

SALESMAN:
But it's a long way to go.
(She stares)
Why, ma'am, does aught affright thee?

SHOPPER:
'Tis the green eye of that little yellow cod!

SALESMAN:
He was not for an age, but for all time.
Madam, *that* fish is stuffed!

SHOPPER:
Wrap it up in a tarpaulin jacket,
And let the dead past bury its dead.
Oh, my nose is such a red, red nose,
E'en in the month of June.
Can you supply some powder cream,
That won't rub off too soon?

SALESMAN:
Take a dainty little pot;
It will please you, I'll be bound.
And it doesn't cost a lot.

SHOPPER:
Very well, you'll send it round.
There was an old woman who lived in a shoe.
Did it give her bad corns? I'm afraid that mine do!

SALESMAN:
Shoes, shoes, shoes, shoes, pinching all the feet again.
Use McPherson's ointment and you'll lose the pain.

I remember, I remember, that time I had a corn,
The little toe in which the pain came shooting every morn,
But since I used McPherson's cure, the corn has been
quite well.

The ointment took it right away, and it took the toe
as well!

SHOPPER:
I need some lotion for my hair,
To set it when unruly.
Can you supply the stuff I mean?
Oh, tell me, tell me truly!

SALESMAN:
Oh yes, I have it, the kind your spirit craves,
It's named "Britannia," for Britannia rules the waves!

And will you go over the ocean?
Will you go for a trip on the sea?
I've some sea-sickness tablets to sell you.
They will steady your lunch and your tea.

SHOPPER:
The year's at the spring;
The days will be warm,
The ship will be one of the
Best in the world.



SALESMAN:
Where there's a swill there's a sway!

SHOPPER:
She either gulps her lunch too much,
Or her dessert is small,
Who fears to put it to the touch,
To gain or lose it all.
Ah, that reminds me, I've an aching void!
Where is the restaurant?

SALESMAN:
Fair customer, I weep to see
You haste away so soon.

SHOPPER:
But I am getting hungry, and
The time is long past noon.
Let me then be up and chewing,
With a heart for any fate.

SALESMAN:
While she's this new task pursuing,
I must labor, watch, and wait!
For customers come and customers go,
But I go on forever!

Mind and Matter

By P. W. D. B.

POLITICAL Philosophy
Observes one rule, I find,
Which is that Matter must not be
Identified with Mind.

The plans of statesmen and of kings
Might very well be shattered,
If those who Mattered Minded Things,
Or those who Minded Mattered.

THE SIGN POST is our Readers' very own. In it we shall answer all questions concerning Catholic belief and practice and publish communications of general interest. Communications should be as brief as possible. Please give your full name and correct address as evidence of your good faith.

The SIGN-POST

Questions & Answers

Communications

Anonymous communications will not be considered. Writers' names will not be published except with their consent. Send us questions and letters. What interests you will very likely interest others, and make this department more interesting and instructive. Address: THE SIGN, UNION CITY, N. J.

MASS FOR RICH AND POOR

It seems unjust for a rich man, who can pay for Masses, to have hundreds said after his death, while a poor man is hardly able to have one Mass said for the repose of his soul. It looks as though the rich man can obtain special favors even in the next life, while the poor man suffers even beyond the grave on this account.

CHICAGO, ILL.

—K. J. L.

It is incorrect to say that any one "pays" for the celebration of Mass. What is done is to make an "offering," which offering goes towards the support of the clergy. "They who serve the altar shall live by the altar."

Your difficulty rests on the false supposition that the same standards obtain in the next life as in this. God is not moved by money, but by His own Justice and Mercy. Holy Mass is of infinite value, but the application of the merits of the Mass depends upon the good pleasure of God. The Church pleads with God in behalf of a departed soul; she does not command. It is possible that one Mass offered for a poor man will have greater efficacy for him than one hundred offered in behalf of a rich man.

TWILIGHT SLEEP—GWATHMEY TECHNIC

(1) *Has the Catholic Church at any time forbidden twilight sleep? In the March issue of the Ladies' Home Journal Constance L. Todd, in an article entitled "Easier Motherhood," refers to St. Mary's Hospital, Madison, Wis.*

(2) *Does the Church approve Gwathmey Technic?*

—N. N.

(1) There is no decision on this question, as far as we know. The more reputable physicians have gradually abandoned its use. Much that has been written in popular magazines on this matter is unreliable.

(2) We have no knowledge of Gwathmey Technic. The general moral principle which should guide us in things of this nature is the following: if the method used does no injury to either the child or the mother, and at the same times relieves the pain of the mother, it may be used.

LAY BAPTISM

A Catholic woman baptized a four year old non-Catholic child when the child was dying. The baptism was unknown to the child's mother. The child died. Was the baptism valid?

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

—J. K.

Any person having the use of reason is able to baptize validly, provided he or she has the intention of baptizing and while pouring water on the head of the person to be baptized says, "I baptize thee in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost." If these conditions were complied with the child was validly baptized and the woman should be glad to know that she administered a sacrament necessary to salvation.

ACCIDENTS AND THE WILL OF GOD

A girl fell when climbing a tree. She injured her head badly and suffered terrible pains. Five years ago she visited St. Joseph's Shrine in Canada, and for four years she felt no further pain. But at the end of that time the pain returned. The question I would like to ask is—was it God's will that she should fall from the tree?

LAWRENCE, MASS.

—N. N.

God never willed that the girl should climb the tree that she might fall and injure her head. An earthly father would hardly wish such a thing. God is our Father and He loves us more than any earthly father. God could, indeed, have saved her from injury, but since He gives everyone freedom to act, it would be strange if He should intervene in every instance to save us from the results of our own folly.

NOT BREAKING EUCHARISTIC FAST

Is it permissible to receive Holy Communion if you put a piece of candy in your mouth and, remembering your intention of receiving Communion, rinse your mouth without swallowing any?

LOUISVILLE, KY.

—A. F.

Yes. The Eucharistic fast is broken only when something of food or drink is actually swallowed.

DEHARBE'S MEANING

In Deharbe's catechism the following question occurs: "What should we think of mixed marriages, i.e., of marriages which are contracted between Catholics and non-Catholics, especially Protestants?" Does this mean that the Church favors marriage with an atheist or a Jew more than with a Protestant? If so, why?

MEDFORD, MASS.

—C. E. S.

The question intimates that Catholics are not to marry with any non-Catholic, which term is universal, and therefore embraces all who are not members of the Catholic Church. Protestants are mentioned especially because the danger of contracting marriage with them is more proximate than with those without any religion, since in countries like our own Catholics and Protestants mix more than in places where Protestants are not so numerous. Father Deharbe in no way wishes to imply that marriage with atheists and Jews is less to be avoided than marriage with Protestants.

FORBIDDEN BOOKS: PLENARY INDULGENCE

(1) *Where may I obtain a list of the books forbidden by the Church?* (2) *Are all Hugo's and Dumas' books on the Index?* (3) *What is meant when it is said that a plenary indulgence may be gained on the day of investiture?* (4) *How may one gain a plenary indulgence at the hour of death?*

LOUISVILLE, KY.

—V. K.

(1) A list of the books forbidden to Catholics may be obtained through THE SIGN, price fifteen cents, plus postage.

(2) All love stories of the Dumas (father and son) are forbidden. And Notre Dame du Paris and Les Misérables by Hugo.

(3) This usually signifies the reception of the scapular of some confraternity, such as Mount Carmel, or the Arch-confraternity of the Sacred Passion.

(4) There are many ways in which a plenary indulgence may be gained at the hour of death. One of the simplest is to accept death with Christian resignation and in punishment for sin. Pope Pius X attached a plenary indulgence to this act.

FOUR UNRELATED QUESTIONS

(1) *What did our Lord mean when He said: "The harvest is great, but the laborers are few"?* (2) *If a person should receive Holy Communion with a few venial sins, but no mortal ones, would he receive our Lord worthily?* (3) *Where can I obtain a complete rosary with the fifteen decades?* (4) *Our Lord said: "Pray always." Wouldn't it be better for a person not to pray at all, if he does not pray devoutly when he prays?*

NEW WASHINGTON, O.

—A. B.

(1) From looking at the wheat fields, already ripe for the harvest, Jesus' thoughts turned to that other harvest of souls which He came to gather into His Church. There were so many to be brought into the true Church, both among the Jews and Gentiles, that the reapers who would gather in these souls were exceedingly few. That is why Jesus added: "Pray ye, that the Lord may send laborers into His harvest."

(2) Only mortal sin makes a soul strictly unworthy to receive Holy Communion. Venial sins, especially those which are deliberate, diminish the measure of Divine Grace, which God would otherwise infuse into the soul. It is consoling to know that the Council of Trent urges us to receive Holy Communion frequently for the very purpose of getting rid of venial sins. The Council calls Holy Communion the "antidote of venial sins."

(3) Try the Catholic supply stores, or write to The Rosary Magazine, 884 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

(4) No. Even to pray imperfectly is better than not to pray at all. At least some devotion is shown to God by praying imperfectly. Just as a person who owes another ten dollars and pays only one, when he might easily give ten, is better than another who owes the same person a like amount, and pays nothing whatever, though able to do so.

PURGATORY IN THE BIBLE

Will you kindly list the passages in the Bible where reference to Purgatory is made?

MEDFORD, MASS.

—A. R.

The word Purgatory does not occur in the Bible, no more than Trinity, Incarnation, and Transubstantiation. We say this because non-Catholics generally hold that all of revelation is contained in the Bible; whereas the Catholic belief is that revelation is also contained in Tradition, or the unwritten word of God. These two—the Bible and Tradition—infallibly interpreted by the Catholic Church, are the complete source of revelation.

Though the word Purgatory does not occur, the Bible implies that there is such a place, where the souls of the just are cleansed of stain and purified for entrance into Heaven, where nothing defiled can enter. (*Apoc. 21:27*.) In the Old Testament there is a reference to this cleansing place (2 *Mach. 12: 42-46*.) especially in the text, "It is therefore a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from sins." Protestants generally regard this book as apocryphal, but it is declared to

be inspired by the living and infallible Church, to whom alone it belongs to determine the canon of Holy Scripture. Our Lord also implies the existence of a place where sins may be forgiven even after death. When speaking of the sin against the Holy Ghost, He says that it will not be forgiven either in this world, or in the world to come (*Matt. 12:32; Luke 12:10*.) Evidently some sins can be forgiven outside this world. That place is Purgatory. St. Paul's words "they shall be saved, yet so as by fire" (1 *Cor. 3:11-15*.) are sometimes used to indicate Purgatory. But this interpretation is not so certain. In general it can be said that wherever the expression occurs—"God shall render to everyone according to his works"—Purgatory is implicitly included, just as Heaven and Hell are included.

DIVORCE AND VALID CHRISTIAN MARRIAGE

Can a Catholic girl marry a divorced man of the same faith in the Catholic Church? Isn't there some way to get a dispensation? If they don't get a dispensation they will be married by a justice of the peace.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

—N. N.

Presuming that the civil divorce was obtained from a valid Christian marriage, the answer to your question is that there is no possibility of obtaining a dispensation to enter another marriage while his first wife is living. All Catholics should know that there is no such thing as a divorce, or the dissolution of valid marriage, because Christ forbids it. "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder." (*Matt. 19:6*.) If the man insists on violating the law of Christ, he does so with his eyes open, and must suffer the consequences of his act.

ADDRESS OF LAYMEN'S LEAGUE

Will you please tell me the address of the Catholic Laymen's League of Georgia? I have a number of used Catholic magazines which I would like to re-mail.

ROXBURY, MASS.

—M. H.

The address is 1409 Lamar Building, Augusta, Ga.

MURDERERS: UNBORN CHILDREN

(1) *Is it true that a murderer will never go to Heaven, even though he repents; and that if he does go to Heaven he will never see the face of God?* (2) *Is there any salvation for a man or woman who prevents the birth of children, or for a woman who causes the death of her unborn child? Is it true that those children will come on judgment day and accuse their parents of the wrong they have done them? Can these sins be forgiven in confession?*

—N. N.

(1) No, it is not true. One of the most consoling things in life is that God will forgive every sinner who seeks forgiveness, no matter what sins he has committed, or how many. "If your sins be as scarlet, they shall be made whiter than snow, and if they be red as crimson they shall be made white as wool." (*Isa. 1:18*.) "With the Lord is mercy, and with Him there is copious redemption." (*Ps. 102:13*.) "Thou hast mercy on all, because Thou canst do all things, and overlookest the sins of men for the sake of repentance" (*Wis. 9:24*.) God has committed the power to forgive sins to His Church. When He bestowed this wonderful power He did so without reservation: "Whose sins you shall forgive they are forgiven them, and whose sins you shall retain, they are retained." (*John 20:21-23*.) Every sin can be remitted by the ministry of the Church.

Consequently a murderer can be forgiven, if he sincerely repents. And if he dies repentant he will be admitted into the bliss of Heaven as a trophy of God's gracious mercy.

He will therefore look upon the face of God, which is the essence of eternal beatitude, together with the meek, the humble, the chaste, and all the other redeemed souls. "God's mercy is above all His works."

(2) Sins of birth control and abortion are certainly grievous, but if the sinner repents he will be forgiven, as was shown above. Revelation does not speak about murdered infants, but the Apocalypse does say that the souls of the martyrs will beseech God to vindicate His honor and their holiness by punishing their oppressors, crying out: "How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost Thou not judge and revenge our blood in them that dwell on the earth." (Apoc. 6:9) Whether murdered infants will be included among these souls we are unable to say. But certain it is that the mind of the unrepentant sinner will be allowed to see in clear and minute detail each of his crimes at judgment. Because he refused to ask forgiveness for them they will torment him. The repentant soul, however, will not share this awful experience.

ORTHODOX AND THE ORTHODOX CHURCH

(1) *In the Canon of the Mass the following words occur: "Protect and govern the Catholic Church, the pope, as also all orthodox believers and professors of the Catholic and Apostolic faith." If the Orthodox Church is schismatic, why the prayer for it, as well as our own? (2) Was the late czar of Russia the pope of the Greek Orthodox Church at one time? (3) Why is Easter a movable feast?*

—N. N.

(1) Orthodox believers in this passage means "professors of the Catholic and Apostolic faith"—not the Eastern Orthodox Church. The latter Church is in schism. The members call themselves orthodox, which means "true believers." But in reality they are heterodox, or believers who are in error. Since they refuse obedience to the Pope, the earthly Vicar of Christ, they cannot hold to the "Catholic and Apostolic faith."

(2) While he was alive he was the lay pope of the Russian Orthodox Church, which in a certain sense was a Greek church, since its spiritual head was the Patriarch of Constantinople.

(3) Easter is a movable feast because its date depends on the phase of the moon. Easter is celebrated on the first Sunday following the full moon coming after the vernal equinox on March 21. Easter can be as early as March 22 and as late as April 25.

MOTHER HOUSE OF SISTERS OF MERCY

Where is the mother house of the Sisters of Mercy who have a convent in East Boston? What are the requirements to become a Sister of Mercy?

—N. N.

For full information write to the Sister Superior, 58 Moore St., East Boston.

THE MEANING OF "MASS"

Why is the morning service in the Catholic Church called the "Mass"?

BOSTON, MASS.

—L. B.

Mass, or the Sacrifice of the Holy Eucharist, gets its name from the Latin word *mittere*, which signifies to "send away," a "dismissal." In the ancient celebrations of the Eucharist there were two dismissals; the first of the catechumens, those only partly instructed and not yet baptized, which occurred after the Gospel and sermon; the second, the dismissal of the faithful at the end of Mass. This dismissal is still preserved in the words *Ite, missa est*,—"Go, the Mass is over,"—which occur just before the last blessing. In some peculiar manner the words of the dismissal from the service gradually came to denote the service itself. In the

early years of the Church the Mass was known by various names—the Breaking of Bread, the Lord's Supper, the Sacrifice, the Holy Liturgy, and the Eucharist. In the Eastern Catholic Churches the Eucharistic Sacrifice is called the Holy Liturgy.

USING ANOTHER'S ROSARY: BEADS WITH RELIC CROSS

(1) *My friend's father died. He gave her a rosary which he obtained from a priest who visited him while in the hospital. Now she is saying the rosary. Can she gain the indulgences? (2) Are there more indulgences attached to a rosary which has a relic cross attached? Where can I obtain one of these?*

ST. LOUIS, MO.

—V. W.

(1) Once a rosary has been properly blessed with indulgences any person who uses it may gain the indulgences attached. Only when rosaries are destroyed or sold are the indulgences lost.

(2) The presence of the relic cross does not of itself mean that there are more indulgences attached to this kind of rosary than to the ordinary one. The crucifix of all rosaries can be blessed with the indulgences of the Stations of the Cross and a Happy Death, provided the figure on the cross is durable and raised, not impressed, on the cross. A reliquary cross can be procured in any church-goods store.

BIRTH CONTROL AND CONSCIENCE

(1) *We are taught that a sin is mortal when there are present (a) grievous matter, (b) sufficient reflection, and (c) full consent of the will. We are further taught that a person's conscience is the guide as to whether or not a matter is "grievous." Under these conditions, therefore, is it a mortal sin for a person to practise birth control by prevention, if he or she honestly believes that such prevention is not "a grievous matter"? (2) Is it an article of Faith, which must be believed, that prevention of conception is a mortal sin?*

—N. N.

(1) Your three constituents of a mortal sin are correct. But your deduction from the last principle—that the human conscience is the guide of personal conduct—needs explanation. It is true that a person is always obliged to follow his conscience, because that interior monitor has been given us by God for the sake of directing our human acts. But at the same time a man's conscience ought to conform to truth. In other words, a man must be honestly convinced that what he does conforms with objective truth. When he doubts whether or not his conscience agrees with objective truth, then he has the obligation of finding out the truth. If he acts in a doubtful state of conscience he acts wrongly. "Everything which is not of faith (i.e., conscience) is sin." (Rom. 14:23.)

The objective truth concerning birth prevention by unnatural means is clear. The Church, which is the Guardian of Morals, as well as the Interpreter and Teacher of Faith, has repeatedly condemned birth prevention by unnatural means as a grave violation of the natural law. Catholics, therefore, can have no private opinion of their own in the matter, no more that a citizen could have a private opinion of his own regarding the lawfulness of murder or stealing or adultery. The Church's teaching is the objective truth, to which loyal and convinced Catholics must conform.

(2) No. It is a simple dictate of the natural conscience of honest men, and this dictate the Church, together with all decent people, rightly declares to be the truth about the nasty business. Birth control is not bad because the Catholic Church inveighs with all her authority against it, but because it is *wrong in itself*, since it is contrary to the primary dictates of human nature.

MIRACLES: ATTENDING PROTESTANT CHURCH

(1) Recently I read a book called "The Miracle of Peille" by J. L. Campbell. It was the story of Therese Ursule Corbeille. It seems that she never went to church during her life, and yet she worked many miracles. Was there ever such a person? What are we to believe concerning her? (2) Is it a sin, and how grave, for a Catholic to go to social or services in a non-Catholic church, if one goes only through curiosity?

—N. N.

(1) Don't take your fiction too seriously. Novelists are not necessarily theologians. We might say, however, that if Therese really worked miracles, she must have been pleasing to God.

(2) For one who believes, as every Catholic must, that there is but one true Church, and one Divinely ordained mode of worship (that of the Catholic Church), it should not be difficult to know why active participation in heretical forms of worship is forbidden to Catholics under pain of grievous sin. Passive participation, which amounts to nothing more than one's presence at non-Catholic religious services, is also forbidden, unless there be a sound reason why a Catholic should be there. This can happen sometimes when a deceased non-Catholic relative is being buried or married. A Catholic's presence on such occasions must be interpreted as an expression of sympathy and not in any way to imply any approval whatever of the heretical form of worship.

To attend a social in a non-Catholic church is not the same as attending a religious service. Consequently the same rigor does not obtain in forbidding attendance. Nevertheless such things are dangerous, and convinced and loyal Catholics will not be present at them. If non-Catholics who desire the company of Catholics are sincere, they will respect the latter's principles—not scruples—and hold their socials in neutral places. Good manners should dictate that. But it has always been a source of wonder for us why non-Catholics use a sacred place for worldly affairs.

CONFESSIONS OF ST. AUGUSTIN

Can you recommend a translation of "The Confessions of St. Augustin" as preferred by Catholic teachers and scholars? LYNN, MASS.

—F. O.

You will find "The Confessions of St. Augustin," edited by Dom Roger Huddleston, O.S.B., to be worth while. The book may be obtained through THE SIGN, price \$1.50, adding ten per cent for postage.

HOLY COMMUNION: LITANY INDULGENCES

(1) When Jesus said, "Amen, amen, I say unto you; unless you eat the flesh of the Son of Man and drink His blood you shall not have life in you"—He implied that the life of which He spoke could only be attained by eating His flesh and drinking His blood. Why then do the laity receive only the consecrated wafer in Holy Communion? It would seem that priests alone have life in them, for they receive under both forms, while the laity receive only the body of Jesus. (2) Can only those who subscribe to THE SIGN gain the indulgences attached to the recital of the Litany of the Sacred Passion? The Litany is so richly indulgenced that I wish to make sure to gain them.

WIERTON, W. VA.

—H. F.

(1) You believe, of course, in the Catholic doctrine of the Holy Eucharist, which teaches that Christ—the living Christ—is received whole and entire under each species. Lay persons receive the living body of Christ in the consecrated wafer. Since they receive the living body, they also receive the living blood of Christ at the same time, together with Christ's soul and divinity. The Holy Eucharist is both a sacrifice and a sacrament. The priest who offers the sacrifice must receive under both forms, because this is the

manner in which Christ instituted the sacrifice, and the manner, therefore, in which it must be perpetuated: "Do this in remembrance of Me." (Luke 22:19) The laity receive the sacrament, and in the present discipline of the Church, under the form of bread. There is no necessity of them receiving the Holy Eucharist under both forms. While it is true that Christ said, "unless you eat of the flesh of the Son of Man and drink His blood, you shall not have life in you," it is also true that in the same sixth chapter of St. John, from which the above words are taken, He says that this same divine life is infused into the soul through eating His body only: "he that eateth Me shall live by Me"; "he that eateth this bread shall live forever"; "I am the living bread which came down from Heaven" and "the bread which I will give is My flesh for the life of the world." Receiving Holy Communion under the form of bread, therefore, is as fruitful of divine life as under both forms. In the first years of Christianity it was generally the custom to receive under both forms, but on account of the many inconveniences attached to using the chalice for the laity the practice was discontinued. But in doing so the Church in no wise deprived the laity of any means of sanctification.

(2) The indulgences attached to the recital of the Litany of the Passion are reserved for the members of the Archconfraternity of the Sacred Passion. To enter this society it is sufficient to have one's name on the register of the Archconfraternity, and to practise devotion to the Sacred Passion according to one's ability. Those who can do so conveniently ought to be invested in the Black Scapular of the Passion, and wear either it or the scapular medal constantly.

IRREVERENCE TOWARDS SACRED VESTMENTS

It seems to be the vogue to obtain, sometimes at fabulous prices, discarded vestments, usually reputed to be very old, to be used as draperies, piano covers, etc. Recently I saw a chasuble for sale in a shop window. I consider this an outrage. Could you explain how these things can be done? I have always been taught that when sacred vestments have outlived their usefulness they should be burned.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

—W. S. W.

It is not given to us to be able to answer every question which arises, nor to be able to explain everything which seems contrary to Catholic faith and piety. But we venture to suggest that the possession of sacred vestments by lay persons, and their display for ostensibly profane purposes may not necessarily be attributed to any fault of the clergy. In the first place it is possible that the vestments may never have been sacred. A vestment does not become sacred by the fact of its manufacture, but by the blessing of the Church. In the second place it is possible for a sacred vestment to be stolen, and sold to the highest bidder. In this way it is possible for a person to buy it and use it for a secular ornament. Anyhow, the burning of sacred vestments is what the Church wishes when they have outlived their usefulness.

PERSONNEL OF MEDICAL MISSION BOARD

How many Catholic and how many Protestant doctors aid in the medical mission work?

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

R. P.

We do not know. Would suggest that you communicate with the Director of the Catholic Medical Missions, 25 West Broadway, New York City.

FEAST OF ST. GABRIEL

Will you please tell me when the feast of St. Gabriel of the Sorrowful Virgin is celebrated?

DORCHESTER, MASS.

D. J. D.

On February 27.

SAINTS

(1) Please give a sketch of the life of St. Canice or Kenneth of Kilkenny, Ireland.—K. J. C., BROOKLYN, N. Y. (2) Is there a St. Roula, and if so please give a sketch of her life.—R. E. T., NEW YORK, N. Y.

(1) Saint Canicius, (Canice, Cainnech, Kenneth, Kenny) is the patron saint of the city of Kilkenny, Ireland. He was born in the sixth century, the son of a well known poet, in the north of Ireland. He was trained to the monastic life by the famous Saint Finnian of Clonard. Later he became a disciple of Saint Cadoc of Wales. He preached throughout Ireland and also in Scotland, where he built the first church in what is now known as St. Andrews. In his own country he founded several monasteries. The city of Kilkenny is named after him. He died at the monastery of Aghadoc, which he had established, towards the end of the century, being about eighty-four years old. His feast-day is October eleventh.

(2) We have not been able to discover any mention of St. Roula. Are you confusing Roula with Romula or Raoal?

PRIVATE REPLIES

C. A. S.—The means employed had no effect because the condition was not present. Your intention, however, was morally wrong. Your other questions will be answered in confession.

J. M.—Marriage is the obvious solution of your difficulties. For the rest your confessor will decide.

J. A. K.—Your case must be submitted to the priest who married you, or your pastor.

GENERAL THANKSGIVINGS

M. F. D., BROOKLYN, N. Y. L. C. S., TERRE HAUTE, IND. F. M. Mcg., WASHINGTON, D. C. H. W., BROOKLYN, N. Y. B. D., NEW HAVEN, CONN. J. A. D., BEVERLY, MASS. E. K. M., BROCKTON, MASS. M. G., JERSEY CITY, N. J. C. R., NEW YORK, N. Y. K. H., BROOKLYN, N. Y. N. A. C., HYANNIS, MASS. M. E. S., CAMBRIDGE, MASS. A. V. D., CHARLEROI, PA.

THANKSGIVINGS TO ST. JUDE

M. C. M., NORWICH, CONN. A. C. S., MELROSE, MASS. L. L., CINCINNATI, O. J. D., EAST ORANGE, N. J. M. J. G., NEW HAVEN, CONN. N. N., KENSINGTON, CONN. A. O'S., NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y. T. F., LOWELL, MASS. M. C., PITTSFIELD, MASS. N. C. W., BROOKLYN, N. Y. J. E. G., LISLE, N. Y. M. A. R., NEWARK, N. J. J. C. D., WEEHAWKEN, N. J. E. B., FREEPORT, N. Y. P. McD., ALLSTON, MASS. M. C., AURORA, ILL. M. D., PHILADELPHIA, PA. A. F., ELIZABETH, N. J. A. T. H., NEW BRITAIN, CONN. E. O. T., CAMBRIDGE, MASS. T. J. M., NEW BRITAIN, CONN. A. C. D., ALBANY, N. Y. O. R. B., TERRE HAUTE, IND. M. B., NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y. M. K., WASHINGTON, D. C. M. B. C., CHICAGO, ILL. B. J. F., CINCINNATI, O. T. H. W., FINDLAY, O. M. E. S., ———, W. H. H., CAMDEN, N. J. S. M. A., BRECKENRIDGE, MINN. M. T., MONCTON, N. B. J. C. S., HAVANA, CUBA. A. S., NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y. H. W. M., CHICAGO, ILL. T. B., ———, A. I. M., ———, S. A. M., DORCHESTER, MASS. J. A., WEST NEWTON, MASS. J. J. P., RIDGEFIELD, N. J. R. H. C., CLARKSON, KY. M. J., JAMAICA, N. Y. K., CAMBRIDGE, MASS. N. M. O'D., BRIDGEPORT, CONN. C. W., BROCKTON, MASS. W. E., JERSEY CITY, N. J. A. D., BROOKLYN, N. Y. F. M. McK., BRONX, N. Y. M. M. S., NEW YORK, N. Y. M. C., BRIGHTON, MASS. F. E. D., NEWARK, N. J. P. J. D., DORCHESTER, MASS. A. C. R., SUPERIOR, WIS. F. B., BALTIMORE, MD. M. C., NEW YORK, N. Y. R. P., BANGALL, N. Y. A. A., ROXBURY, MASS. M. E. B., PHILADELPHIA, PA. R. H., BROOKLYN, N. Y. M. M. J., ———, J. W. J., BROOKLYN, MASS. E. J. H., ST. LOUIS, MO. M. McL., NEWARK, N. J. D. W., ST. JOSEPH, MO. D. A. L., NEWTON HIGHLANDS, MASS. C. F., CHARLESTON, MASS. M. S., ST. LOUIS, MO. K. M. M., EAST BOSTON, MASS. L. C. E., NEW HAVEN, CONN. K. E., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. J. L. F., BRONX, N. Y. J. M., ST. LOUIS, MO. E. T. D., HARTFORD, CONN. L. O'B., BRONX, N. Y. M. A. K., NEW YORK, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE—In reply to a number of requests we wish to state that *THE SIGN* has gotten out a special pamphlet on St. Jude. Besides a sketch of his life, it contains occasional prayers and novena devotions in his honor. Almost every mail brings us notice of favors received through the intercession of this Apostle who has been for centuries styled "Helper in Cases Despaired Of." Copies of the pamphlet are 10 cents each or 15 for \$1.00.

Communications

A MISTAKE IN NAMES

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

May I correct an error—a palpable inadvertence—on page 27 of the August issue. You attribute the slander on Father Damien to the Rev. Dr. Douglas Hyde. Don't you mean Rev. C. M. Hyde? I think you will find that Dr. Douglas Hyde—not "Rev." Doctor—is an eminent Irish scholar, still living, thank God, who has devoted his life to the preservation of Gaelic culture. That kindly gentleman never slandered anybody—not even the oppressors of his people.

THOMAS GAFFNEY TAAFFE.

EDITOR'S NOTE: We thank Mr. Taaffe for his kindly correction. The fact is that we are so familiar with the first name of the distinguished Irish scholar that unwittingly we gave it to his infamous namesake.

USED BOOKS AND MAGAZINES

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

May I add another address to those already given in *THE SIGN* for August for remailing Catholic magazines? Perhaps some of your readers will be interested in sending used spiritual books, magazines or pamphlets to

Carmelite Convent,
1256 Walker Avenue, N. W.
Grand Rapids, Michigan.

During this last hard winter, I know of real spiritual help and comfort these good women, in their silent service behind cloistered walls, gave others, both young and old, by distributing a few inspiring books to the spiritual needy, who could not buy them. But the books were few indeed—supplied only by a few grateful friends who knew the Sisters' needs. I may add, the books were not only few in number, but had seen service before. Nevertheless, the nuns were very grateful and made excellent use of books that, I am sure, otherwise would have been forgotten in our book cases or attics after having once been read.

ELMIRA, N. Y.

A. M.

IN PRAISE OF BELLOC

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

The first instalment of Hilaire Belloc's series on the Old Church and the New Conflict, which appeared in the August issue of *THE SIGN* shows that you are truly progressive in the matter of Catholic apologetics. In this day articles of this sort are just what is needed for the Catholic laity. They show that there is a conflict all along the line, and that those who claim to be Catholics must reckon with this conflict in almost every sphere of activity. The reading of such articles will clarify the religious atmosphere, and point the road to unity and truth. I look forward with anticipated joy to the future instalments. May I suggest that they be brought out, when completed, in book form?

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

P. K. DESMOND.

APOSTLESHIP OF THE SEA

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I was glad to read of the efforts being made in Brooklyn to provide spiritual help to "those who go down to the sea in ships." Seafaring men do not form a large class, but they suffer from spiritual undernourishment quite

generally. And in those instances where religion is furnished them it is usually supplied by Protestant agencies. Many seafaring men are Catholics. It is sad to think how little has been done for them in a spiritual way. The effort being made in Brooklyn deserves support. I hope that those who can aid in this work will not hesitate to do what they can to further its success. Here, certainly, is a definite vocation for some men who are not called to lead a life in a strictly bound religious community.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

K. L. STANTON.

THE JEWISH RELIGIOUS SITUATION

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I have just read the article in your magazine, *THE SIGN*, on the Jewish situation, and wish to congratulate Mr. Goldstein on his explanation of the up-set condition of the religion of Judaism. His kind allusion to the sympathy, which he has for such a mix-up, is very humane at least. It is very thoughtful indeed to extend interest to the wayfarers, whose ranks he has deserted for a better cause. I myself am greatly interested in Mr. Goldstein, whom I met some years ago, as well as in the religion that he has espoused.

I hope your broadminded paper will continue arousing our fellow Jewish citizens to thoughts about religion and God.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

SAMUEL ESSES.

CATHOLICISM AND JUDAISM

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

It is a great pleasure to see "Whither Judaism?" set up in your magazine so attractively. The pictures ought to help our people to realize that Jews may be and should be approached with the Catholic message and how to do so.

I find that the Catholic laity as well as Jews fail to realize that when Hebrews enter our Church they do not deny the faith of their fathers. On the contrary, as all priests know, Catholicity is the realization of Judaic law and prophecy in their fullness. For that reason I am stressing this point today in my broadcast during the Catholic Radio Hour. Once our people see this clearly they are more likely to approach their Jewish acquaintances with things Catholic.

I hope that *THE SIGN* will continue to make the encouragement of Jewish conversions one of its admirable distinctive features.

BOSTON, MASS.

DAVID GOLDSTEIN.

A CAUCASIAN CRUSADE

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Have just come across the enclosed in *The Nation*. Thought it might be of interest to some of your readers.

CHICAGO, ILL.

J. RUDD WILSON.

[ENCLOSURE]

A "Caucasian Crusade," with the notorious William Joseph Simmons and Congressman Robert Ramspeck of Georgia among its sponsors and Atlanta as its headquarters, is the latest progeny of Ku Kluxism to be spawned in the sunny South. The invitation to enrol exudes all the old hokum about perpetuating "the white man's distinctive ideals, social supremacy, and economic interest," "courageously and effectively" opposing "the rapidly rising tide of 'racial' and 'alien' political, social, and industrial conquest, activities, and influence in America," and counteracting "the mischievous machinations of the subtle but fast multiplying

mongrelizing movements now so active in our midst." The recipient of the invitation, if he can qualify as "a real, red-blooded white American inside and out" (bring on the X-rays and blood tests), is besought to answer and "quietly mail" such questions as "Are you a sovereign, upright white man of true blood?" and "are your sympathies and sentiments wholly favorable to the full maintenance of white supremacy in all things?" By way of giving the affair an appearance of respectability, the sucker is also asked if he is a man of "acceptable reputation and lawful occupation." The financial obligation and, of course, the commission for the promoters and officers-to-be are not stated, but the former will doubtless be made known in due time.

APOSTOLATE OF SUFFERING

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

May I express my appreciation for your having published a communication under the head, "Apostolate of Suffering." It seems to me that the Apostolate should be known everywhere, as everywhere there are many poor sufferers who would find consolation in being reminded, as the best of us need to be reminded, that we can really consecrate the pains and disappointments we must endure, whether we like it or not.

BOSTON, MASS.

BED-RIDDEN.

THE SACRED PASSION

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I wish to thank you for "The Bargainer of Kerioth," by Daniel B. Pulsford in the August issue. I must admit that his study of the character of Judas and his moralization in applying the traitor's conduct to modern conditions was quite fresh opening of the Gospel treasure to me. With this new writer on the Passion of Our Lord and the continued contributions of Rev. Francis Shea, C.P., *THE SIGN* is bringing the Passion of Christ very prominently and forcibly to the attention of its readers. May I ask if the article by Mr. Pulsford was just an isolated one or is it one of a series?

NEW YORK, N. Y.

(Rev.) X. Y. Z.

EDITOR'S NOTE: We thank the Rev. Father (who does not wish his name to appear) for the good words he has written us. One of the chief purposes of *THE SIGN* is to promote devotion to Our Lord's Passion. We have tried to do this in the past—in story, poem, history, essay and Scriptural study. We shall continue to make Passion material a leading feature of *THE SIGN*. We are certain that many of our readers will be pleased to learn that "The Bargainer of Kerioth" is the beginning of a series of studies on the characters—both friends and foes—of the Passion.

MORALE IN THE HOME

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

On reading "Morale in the Home" by Anselm Secor, C.P. in the August issue of *THE SIGN*, page 38, I feel within myself the urge to comment upon it. The home is the foundation of the nation and should be cherished and fostered by everyone. With divorce raging rampant throughout the world, with husbands and wives constantly wrangling among themselves, such an article comes at the proper moment. Good common sense underlies every line of the article and I feel safe in saying that after reading it makers of home life would come to their senses and, instead of endeavoring to break down their very life, would strive to build up the home and place it in a position of honor and high respect.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

JOSEPH M. PICKETT.

THÉOPHILE

By MARY A. CLEGG

Illustrations by G. E. WILDNER

WHEN we first went to the Pyrenees we lived in a tiny village at the foot of the Pic de Ger, about half-an-hour's walk from Lourdes.

Our village was a charming place. It was made up entirely of farm-houses, little and big, all of them color-washed, most of them end-on to the road with their cobbled yards beside them, and all of them enclosed behind great gates as if they expected to be put into a state of siege at any minute. Even the parish priest's house had originally been a two-roomed balcony farmhouse. So, too, had ours till it had been converted into a villa by an enterprising son of the village. He had knocked away the lofts and pent roofs with their little dormer windows, and the house now boasted two stories, with the traditional balcony and a series of attics.

All the floors had been renewed. From that fact hangs my tale.

The floor boards, instead of being made of ancient chestnut, black with age, were now just ordinary white deal. They must all be waxed and polished. Not stained. Let them be lemon gold and let us keep them so—like pale sunlight even on darkest days. Difficult to have, more difficult still to keep, but well worth it.

To wax, I could manage at a pinch, though the thought of crawling on hands and knees over all those acres of floor appalled me. Polishing was out of the question. Electric brushes were unknown in Lourdes then. One had to work with a brush weighted with lead and so heavy that I could hardly lift it. To manipulate it would be impossible.

I applied to our landlord, an ingenious fellow, who, possessing ten children ranging between the ages of one and twelve, brought them up beautifully and yet had time to put out a helping hand to all his neighbors.

At first he shook his head pessimistically.

"Rather difficult, Madame," he said. "All the handy-men for miles round are engaged in the hotels. But I'll see what I can do."

I thanked him. I knew him. That he would do what he could was already food for hope.

Within a few days a limp giant with tousled locks presented himself. His name was Hyppolite. (They retain the old Roman names in the Pyrenees.) He looked to me suspiciously pious. Hard workers don't go about in a thick fog of piety. They have no mystical auras perceptible to common folk. They look like hard workers.

I invited him in.

He looked at the floors and the tin of beeswax and the brushes. Then, with manifest reluctance, he took off his coat.

He began by putting dabs of wax all over the floors in the manner of housewives making puff pastry—except he didn't work anything like so fast. Though I had never waxed a floor I knew this method to be inappropriate. However, as this might be some fashion peculiar to the locality, I said nothing.

Having given the wax a suitable time to dry—half an hour or so, during which he encouraged it by watching it, his head hanging sideways on his long thin stalk of a neck—he condescended to rub it up a bit, using the brushes with an air of detachment. When they were finally well clogged with wax and the floors were like muddy pools, he intimated that the work was over. He then charged me an enormous sum and went away.

I called him back to tell him that we should not grieve if we never saw him again.

It would have been far, far better had he never come.

We applied to our landlord again. On the following Saturday, at nine o'clock in the morning, our door bell rang. I went down to open it.

There stood on the threshold, cap in hand, a little bird-like creature with long drooping moustachios and melancholy eyes. Otherwise his manner was alert enough. He was wearing thick brown trousers of Pyrenees homespun and a flannel shirt without collar or tie; his homespun jacket hung over one shoulder in the manner of the local peasantry; his middle man was decorated with a red woolen sash and on his feet were wooden shoes curved up in front like the prow of a boat. He had no socks.

He bowed and looked at me trust-

fully out of those pathetic eyes of his. He was the handy-man. He could give me two hours every Saturday. He would want half the wages of the giant Hyppolite. He could begin work at once.

"What is your name?"

"Théophile, Madame."

"But I've seen you before, Théophile, in the village, haven't I?"

"Yes, Madame; I live opposite."

He waved his hand towards a pink-washed farm, its meticulously tidy farmyard enclosed behind iron railings and double gates that were almost magnificent. The morning sun was gilding the windows and the maize-cobs hanging in bunches from the eaves.

I was impressed.

"I am also road-cleaner, Madame."

That was it. I had him now. He was the local road-cleaner. I had seen him steadily bowed back as he scraped away at the weeds in the village street and cleaned out the gutters, and the thought struck me suddenly that no French village I had ever passed through could boast such a beautifully kept roadway as ours.

He removed his wooden shoes in the hall and stood there in his bare feet. A foot bath is an event to a French peasant. Théophile's feet were immaculate. They shamed my floors. I produced the wax and the brushes. He asked for some steel wool.

CAREFULLY, evenly, with those scratchy wire shavings he removed all trace of Hyppolite's passing. Carefully, evenly, with reverence, he spread the fragrant wax—true wax of bees that, when blessed by Holy Church, becomes a sacramental. Then he detached the brush from its pole, tied it under his right and foot and rhythmically brushed, to and fro, to and fro, with a movement as free and graceful as a Russian dancer's. Soon tables and chairs were standing on their own serene reflections as though anchored in still waters above golden sands. Never had there been such floors.

But I thought that Théophile looked tired when his two hours came to an end.

I examined his face attentively.

He was not young. His olive skin

and black hair had deceived me, or else I had been blinded by the light that had been for hours now pouring in at the unshuttered windows. He was fifty at least, perhaps even older than that. How gentle he was! How child-like! But above all, how tragically sad were his big brown eyes! They surveyed my face as if searching my thoughts, as if trying to discover if I were sympathetic. He had the look of a lost or wounded child.

As time went on, and Saturday followed Saturday, he told me a little of his history. The important facts were few and obscure, but they were significant enough to him. He had been married once, somewhat late in life, to a young girl who had died in giving birth to their only child. In spite of disparity of age, or maybe because of it, he and his wife had worshipped one another. He worshipped her memory still. When he spoke of her, it was in low tones as one might speak of a saint. He saw life truly as a state of exile. He longed for death as for a festival. But, with the supernatural virtue of a thoroughbred Catholic, he waited in profound and humble patience for the hour of God.

The baby had lived just long enough for baptism. It had been buried with its mother.

The spring passed and the spring rains with it; and now, as summer progressed and the heat grew fiercer, Théophile's strength, that had never quite equalled his will-power, seemed to flag. He panted a little at his work.

Under his deepening tan he appeared to grow paler. He was evidently losing weight. His face was drawn. He was thinner. Though he never complained, I was anxious.

We arranged for rests during his work, and they grew more frequent. My floors began to suffer, but I would rather they never again reflected a ray of sunlight than that Théophile should look so increasingly stricken. And now — alarming symptom—he began to speak of pain

—internal, dull, intermittent, curious, inexplicable. Alas! I guessed the source of it, and so did others. We spoke of our fears to one another, but, not yet, to Théophile.

Meantime, the village street was not as it had been. The weeds, that were never wont to do more than peep above the surface of the ground, flaunted wantonly along the walls, round the fountain, and even, as time went on, in the road, between the tracks of cart-wheels on either side



I helped him home, gently scolding him the while.

of the tracks of mules and oxen in the middle.

Théophile worked as before, hour after hour in the scorching sun, except for the traditional two hours rest at midday when even the dogs were quiet, and only the hens seemed to stir in all the countryside. But, though he worked his scheduled hours and worked with the full strength that was in him, vigor was fading and he could do so very little. His work was

beating him. His eyes grew more melancholy. They seemed at last to fill his face.

ONE day—in August—I ventured out about two o'clock, the hour when the siesta ends. It may have been an even more oppressive day than usual, for there was no one but myself in the whole length of the village street. Even the birds were silent and the leaves on the trees were still.

I was regretting my impulse to get to the woods at such an hour when round the bend of the road I came upon Théophile. He was sitting on the ground, his back against the churchyard wall, his head between his knees.

At first I did not recognize him. He was only a blur of colored shadow in the shade; but as I drew nearer I saw who it was.

I thought him asleep and moved softly so as not to disturb him; but just as I was passing him he raised his head. His face was deadly white—or was there already in it a queer tinge of yellow?

I went up to him.

"My poor Théophile, you are sick?"

"I am, indeed, Madame," he said simply, anguish in his eyes. "The pain got me suddenly and I thought I should fall, so I sat down here."

He indicated with motion of thumb to shoulder the churchyard wall behind him.

I helped him home, gently scolding

him the while for not taking more care of himself. He stumbled along, tripping over the tufts of grass that grew where no grass had grown before in all the years of his manhood.

FOR weeks he sat in a chair at his open door, wrapped—in spite of the sun—in an old shepherd's cloak, its peaked hood pulled over his head, his peaked face, with its fine moustache—his only pride—looking the more peaked and yellow in its depths. A doctor came and prescribed, but, away from the house, he shrugged his shoulders. There was so little that he could do.

The summer faded and autumn came. Pain that sometimes touched on agony slowly drank up Théophile's remaining strength. He, who for eighteen years had cooked and cleaned and washed and mended for himself, was at last dependent on his neighbors. He hated it. He had never endured a woman's foot in his house since his wife had last crossed his threshold—and that was when neighbors had carried her from the great bed in their one living room

to the green field against whose wall he had fallen on that summer afternoon when I had found him fainting in the sun. But though it distressed him inexpressibly that other women should minister to him, yet, with patience now rooted in his soul, he let them have their way, thanking them at each day's end with a little tortured smile.

Through the early October days he dragged himself with pain and care from bed to chair and from chair to bed again; and whenever the sun shone into his farmyard he sat outside as before, wrapped closely in his great brown cloak, a blanket over his bony knees, his rosary in his fingers. The neighbors would nod to him in passing. "Hello, Théophile," they would call to him and he would manage to shake his head feebly in acknowledgment.

But he never lowered his eyes to the incredibly dirty road. And no one cleaned it for him. How could they? Théophile must believe to the end that next week he would be hearty as ever, that next week he would have it immaculate again. Did

Théophile himself believe it? I think not. In the intervals of pain and unquiet sleep he said his rosary incessantly, and once I caught him looking up at a patch of blue sky above a neighboring roof and smiling to himself.

One day a heavy storm of hail bounced into the gutters. It blocked the runnels. It blocked the gutter under the sill of Théophile's gate, and a puddle grew and grew. When bright sunshine succeeded the storm Théophile crawled to his door again and from thence he watched the hail melting.

The puddle at his gateway spread across the road. It became a pond. Somebody opened a farmyard gate and a run of ducks caught sight of it. Wings up, a-tip-toe, in unison of precipitation, they rushed for it, splashing and quacking. Théophile heard them.

HE SAW his street, in which he had never allowed a puddle to attain the size of a soup-plate, a lagoon impassable for pedestrians, a pond for ducks. It was the last time that he



A woman cleared a gutter with a hoe. . . . At the taps and cattle-troughs people were filling buckets. . . . Splash! went the water on the cobblestones. . . . Wooden shoes clattered. . . .

looked on the sun. When the neighbor whose turn it was to help him to bed that night came in, she found him already there, his face turned to the wall. He never rose from it again.

A few days later he asked for the Last Sacraments. He showed no emotion, they told me, when he made the request, maintaining to the end the patience that had cradled his soul for so many years between vain hope and despair. Once only was his calm broken, and that was when he pointed a shaking finger to someone we could not see who seemed to move for a time about his bed. He smiled at this friend—mirage or reality, I cannot tell you — and his face appeared transfigured. Then he nodded as if to ratify an appointment, twisted his head towards me, nodded to me too, sighed, turned his head on the pillow again like a weary child seeking an easier position, closed his eyes, slept, and so died.

They dressed him in the decent black clothes that had served him for his marriage, they folded his hands with his rosary between the fingers, they laid his crucifix upon his breast, they lighted tall candles at his head and feet.

All day long the neighbors came to visit him, turn and turn about, so that he was never lonely. They wept for the loss of a friend, but their sighs were broken with prayers. Théophile, who had spent his life in making their paths straight and their ways clean, must not now stumble on his own way. Their lips moved incessantly. The candle flames flickered. A shutter creaked in the wind. And Théophile lay there, wrapped in a vast dignity, a triumphant smile fixed upon his lips.

The Baltimore Oriole*

By DENIS A. McCARTHY

O H, what is that my eye today perceives
Amidst the leaves?

That sudden flash of light, that golden spark,
Against the dark?

Say, is it the song-sparrow back again?
Is it the wren?

Or haply 'tis the robin who has come
From his far home

To tell us that the winter's left the land
And springtime is at hand?

No. 'tis the oriole! Can you not see
His livery?

The black and gold that Calvert's servants wore—
Lord Baltimore?

How like a little flame from bough to bough
One sees him now,

As in and out intent on household arts
He dives and darts,

And now and then a fluting note lets fall,
His mating call!

Welcome! Thrice welcome, O thou bird of gold!
The story old

Of Calvert and the first adventurous band
Of Maryland

Comes back when I behold thy flashing wing,
And hear thee sing.

Thou art a symbol of the faith they brought,
The deeds they wrought,

For they were first in an intolerant day
To show the tolerant way,

And on our country's record this should shine
In color like to thine!

*It is said that the Baltimore Oriole received its name from the Catholic settlers of Maryland because the black and gold color of the bird was the same as that of the livery of Lord Baltimore's servants.

Inside that solemn room sound went on whispering feet, but outside, in the draughty autumn weather, the whole village was in motion. The fields were deserted, the cattle left in the stall. Outside the church men shovelled mud into a dung-cart. A woman cleared a gutter with a hoe. At the taps and cattle-troughs people were filling buckets, and the chains rattled and the winches creaked as the farmyard wells yielded their supply. Splash! went the water on the cobblestones and flagstones. Wooden shoes

Heaven who will give him a right judgment in all things, and a Savior in Heaven who can be touched with the feeling of his infirmities.

—Charles Kingsley.

If you can't do the big things, do the little things with all your power. That is the way God does, making the smallest flower to grow as perfect as the greatest tree.—Frank C. Leroy.

There is no short cut, no patent tramroad to wisdom.—George Eliot.

clattered. How many cries of "Mind your feet!" and always the swilling and the splashing of water. Only when it was quite dark did the work cease. Early the next morning holes were filled with stones, and when the sun rose it shone on a road worthy of Théophile.

It was the road he had followed on so many occasions of ceremony — to Baptism, to his First Confession and Communion, to his Marriage with his bride on his arm. That was the occasion when he first wore the black clothes of ceremony. He had worn them again when the road seemed to have tilted and grown steep like the Hill of Calvary—when he had stumbled blindly along behind a yellow box. But never on those journeys had he moved so smoothly as now.

It is good for a man to be checked, crossed, disappointed, made to feel his own ignorance, weakness, folly—made to feel his need of God; to feel that in spite of all his cunning and self-confidence, he is no better off in this world than in a dark forest, unless he has a Father in Heaven who loves him with an eternal love, and a Holy Spirit in

Illustrations by W. Rhodes



A Rock from Sand

By DANIEL B. PULSFORD

least we can depend on him to take measures to secure an acquittal.

But no! He can watch the brutal insults of the soldiery without a movement. In the High Priest's courtyard he seems anxious only to dissociate himself from the Prisoner. His courage had fled. A servant girl, speaking loud enough to be heard by others, accuses him of being one of the Nazarene's followers and he draws back into the shadows protesting that he "knows not the Man." He is shamefully demoralized, panic-stricken by the fear of arrest. Those who set down these things certainly cannot be said to have slurred over Peter's moral collapse.

Their fidelity to truth, however, enables us to learn lessons which more discreet biographers would have obscured. On a further consideration of the facts they relate, principles emerge which are essential to an understanding of that High Office which the Apostle subsequently filled. But for this story we should find it difficult, I imagine, to understand Peter's fitness for the post. Rightly viewed, that scene in the High Priest's house throws a light on the character of the first Pope, and, in consequence, on the whole history and nature of the Papacy.

How came Peter to be there? It surely required some courage to enter the lions' den. It was at least more than any of other disciples, save St. John, attempted. They had fled ignominiously. It was this venturesomeness which exposed the faithful Simon to the temptation be-

fore which he succumbed. Had he consulted his own safety he would never have incurred the disgrace of denying his Lord. His failures were generally of this character. It is his impulsive nature which gets him into trouble by prompting hazardous undertakings—such as walking upon water—for which he is not adequate. He gets wounded more frequently than others because he places himself in the front line. The man who takes the initiative must always expect more blows than those more cautious individuals who follow in the rear.

SOMETHING of the sort may be said concerning St. Peter's successors. They stand in the forefront of the conflict with God's enemies. Throughout the centuries they have been the mark for all the barbed arrows of a rebellious world. It is they against whom arrogant monarchs have marshalled their forces. The most astute statesmen have exercised their cunning to prevail over the occupant of St. Peter's Throne.

The Popes have been forced to contend with the subtlety of heretics intent on deceiving them. On every side they have found themselves beset by both threats and flattery. And all this arises from the very sublimity of their Office. Just because they have led the forces of Christendom, they have been more exposed to temptation than others. They have been the breakwaters thrust out from the land to meet and hurl back the crested waves of opposition. And it

IT WOULD have been well if those who have written the Lives of the Saints had exercised more candor. We should have appreciated better the holiness of their heroes and heroines if we had seen more of the human frailties against which they had to contend. The Gospels set us a finer example. With an admirable realism they represent those who were to become the first preachers and martyrs as dull-witted, grossly materialistic and shamefully timid. Least of all do they spare the chief Apostle. No fear of giving scandal prevents the Evangelists from setting down the naked truth about St. Peter. It must be confessed that he cuts a sorry figure.

Especially is this the case in the last critical scenes of the Drama. We observe his impulsive gesture as he declares undying loyalty to his Master. We note the swift movement of his sword in Gethsemani when, undismayed by opposing numbers, he makes as if to split in twain the skull of one who has dared lay hands on Jesus. It is not his fault that he only succeeds in slicing off Malchus' ear. Here is a stalwart, we say. This man has fight in him. Perhaps he will organize a rescue party. At

is around the breakwater that the tide rises and roars. It is there that its force is most felt and best seen.

Similarly the charges made against those dedicated to the religious life overlook the fact that the shortcomings of monks and nuns are largely due to the higher ideals they have attempted to follow. Vows of poverty and chastity are a direct challenge

to the Evil one. Just because they would stand near their Lord in His Passion, they are subject to severer tests than the less adventurous majority. If they fall, their fall is greater by reason of the very height on which they stand.

EVEN the rank-and-file Christian may put forward a like plea. It is

easy for those unpledged to Christian principles to deride the inconsistencies of those who are so pledged. Criticism on the part of men making no profession of religion is like the depreciation of an army's courage by stay-at-homes thousands of miles from the scene of action. It is pusillanimous.

But the chief consideration we have

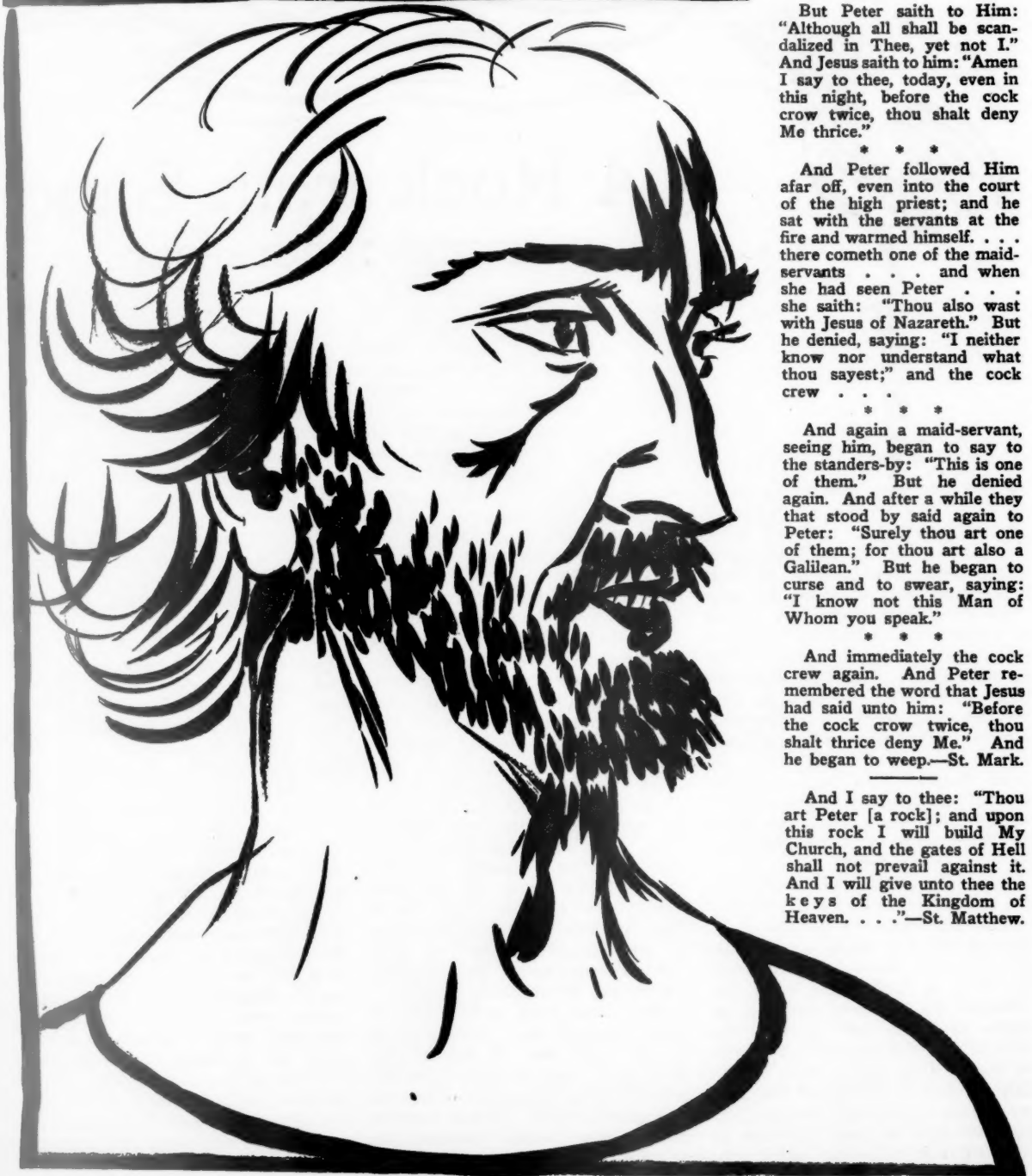
But Peter saith to Him: "Although all shall be scandalized in Thee, yet not I." And Jesus saith to him: "Amen I say to thee, today, even in this night, before the cock crow twice, thou shalt deny Me thrice."

And Peter followed Him afar off, even into the court of the high priest; and he sat with the servants at the fire and warmed himself. . . . there cometh one of the maid-servants . . . and when she had seen Peter . . . she saith: "Thou also wast with Jesus of Nazareth." But he denied, saying: "I neither know nor understand what thou sayest;" and the cock crew . . .

And again a maid-servant, seeing him, began to say to the standers-by: "This is one of them." But he denied again. And after a while they that stood by said again to Peter: "Surely thou art one of them; for thou art also a Galilean." But he began to curse and to swear, saying: "I know not this Man of Whom you speak."

And immediately the cock crew again. And Peter remembered the word that Jesus had said unto him: "Before the cock crow twice, thou shalt thrice deny Me." And he began to weep.—St. Mark.

And I say to thee: "Thou art Peter [a rock]; and upon this rock I will build My Church, and the gates of Hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give unto thee the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven. . . ."—St. Matthew.



to bear in mind in viewing St. Peter's denial of his Lord is that he outgrew his weakness. He had been a man of sand; he became a Rock. This bluff, simple-hearted fisherman experienced an amazing spiritual development. It was to him that the masculine-minded Paul looked for guidance. It was his adventurous lead to which was due the planting of the Cross in imperial Rome. He was no undisciplined enthusiast who laid the foundations of the world's greatest and firmest Institution. Geologists tell us that some of our mightiest hills are built up of rocks composed of minute particles that were once shifting sand. The process by which that wind-blown dust became a consistent mass capable of resisting the wear and tear of vast geologic periods is not a more fascinating subject for thought than the transformation of a volatile, excitable Galilean fisherman into the Leader of the Christian Church. How was that transformation effected? What, humanly speaking, were the factors?

THE stabilizing of Peter's character is a matter for careful enquiry. There are so many ways in which men may acquire firm outline, so many ways in which the "sand" of undeveloped natures may assume the hardness of rocks.

One of the accusations Jesus flung at His contemporaries was that of being a "stiff-necked generation." They suffered, He suggested, from a kind of spiritual rheumatism. They could not turn their heads to take in a new view. In part, this was due to the conservatism of old age. Traditionalism had frozen the stream of life. Externalism demanding minute attention to the letter of the Law had destroyed their spiritual vitality. Ritual observances had become a hard crust killing the soul. National pride, the belief that their privileges were due to some inherent racial superiority, and that obedience to the legal code constituted a claim on God the fulfillment of which they might demand as a right had petrified their hearts. They had become unlovely, ungracious, *hard*. It was not real strength but a fanatical obstinacy which made them rigid.

The petrification of Peter, if the term may be allowed, was due to other causes, and it is our business now to find out what those causes were. Let it be understood that in this survey we are not considering the supernatural power by which the

Vicar of Christ, in spite of his human weaknesses, became free from error in the discharge of his duties as Head of the Church Militant. The problem we have before us is psychological. What was it, humanly speaking, which made the man of sand a man of rock? How did Peter the unstable become Peter the strong?

"It is expedient for you that I go away," Jesus had told His disciples at their last meeting. Surely this had special reference to the one who was to be left in sole charge of Christ's Church on earth. A new and awful responsibility was to devolve upon him, and responsibility has the power to make and unmake a man. Under its pressure character solidifies, grows firm in outline.

This responsibility came to Peter precisely at the moment when he was feeling most poignantly his own wretched failure; at the moment, that is to say, when he felt least able to bear it. It was to a humiliated man that our Lord delegated His authority. Under those circumstances he would be conscious that only strict adherence to his commission and complete reliance on his invisible Lord could save him from a repetition of his former downfall.

Firmness is possible in quite ordinary men when all they have to do is to carry out another's orders. They are not at liberty to consider even the possibility of departing from the course marked out for them. Conflicting moods have no power to sway their judgment since that judgment depends not on their moods but on an authority outside themselves.

That is how it was in this case. Left to himself, Peter could only mount guard over the Revelation entrusted to him. Smarting from the memory of the past, he utterly mistrusted himself and leaned wholly on that Lord Who by His Death and Resurrection had proved both His love and His power. The more ashamed of himself Peter was, the less likely would he be to tamper with his charge. His strength was in proportion to his humility, his firmness was based on his weakness. He could be adamant in resisting his own vacillating impulses and unlawful suggestions from others simply because he knew that all his authority came from Above. Peter was now the repository of his Lord's confidence, a confidence given him in face of his recent disloyalty. So magnanimously forgiven, what could he do but abase himself in utter

obedience? Christ imprinted His image on a heart made impressionable by gratitude. The wax took the image once and for all.

There you have the secret of Rome's intransigence. Men have called it by many names—tyranny, arrogance, ruthlessness. It is none of these. At bottom it is humility. The Rock is hard because the consciousness of human frailty creates the fear of going beyond what is commanded. The awful and lonely responsibility which St. Peter's successors bear is itself a safeguard. The very vastness of the power they exercise warn them that it is a derived power. This is not the whole secret but it affords us a clue.

To appreciate the meaning of Rome's rock-like, adamant stability you must remember that, at the time Peter was left in sole charge, the memory of a shameful abandonment of his Lord was still rankling in his mind. The firmness of the Papacy is the firmness of the subordinate who is powerless to change the orders entrusted to him. Its power, in other words, lies in its very powerlessness.

PETER found himself, all at once, responsible for his fellows. "I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not," his Lord had said, "and thou being once converted, confirm thy brethren." And again, by the lakeside, he heard the command, "Feed My lambs . . . Feed My sheep." He was responsible to his Lord and for his brethren.

It was a terrible responsibility but it helps us to understand how the weak man grew strong. And it helps us to penetrate the mystery of Papal authority. Arrogance? Pride? In its essence, it is the very opposite of these things. It is paternal. It is of the same nature as that instinct which makes a man tempted to wayward courses remember the claims of wife and children. It is akin to the strength with which the husband and father resists the solicitations of former companions and the temptation of reckless financial investments. Pope means "father." The "hardness" of the Rock is the outcome of paternal tenderness.

Is it a paradox that strength should be based on weakness and hardness on compassion for the weak? Well, yes. But it is a paradox without which it is impossible to understand the Apostle who was as sand but who became a Rock.

Fun & Philosophy: History & Tragedy



My Card-Index on the Loose

The Second of
Twelve Chapters

By JOHN GIBBONS

America Named for Whom?

AMERICA makes quite a decent start for a section, and my very first card about the place concerns its name. For however much anyone cares to talk about pre-Columbian discovery, "Nordic origins" (whatever that may mean,) and general Protestantism, the actual fact is the whole blessed Continent is really named after a Hungarian Catholic Saint. This was St. Emeric, a Prince of the Hungary in the eleventh century and a son of the far more famous St. Stephen. When Emeric died after a short youth of exemplary piety, so many were the miracles that were wrought at his grave and so insistent his countrymen upon opening his Cause that in 1083 he was formally canonized. And so great was his fame that for centuries later Emeric was quite a common name in Europe. After him, nearly four hundred years later, was christened in an Italianated form the Amerigo Vespucci who is said first to have discovered the mainland of the New World. Whether or not he did actually land eight days before John Cabot is immaterial. The fact remains that America is called after Amerigo Vespucci and that he in turn was called after the St. Emeric of Hungary.

Card after card I've got about the various reputed Discoveries of America. One is the Legend of the Severn Spanish Bishops who fled from Spain to escape Moorish rule and who sailed away into the Unknown of the farthest West; and there was Corvo, the westernmost island of the Azores and a story that when the Europeans first went there they found pointing to the West the enormous statue of a man on horseback, and that Carthaginian coins were dug up near the statue. So the ancient Phoenicians, it seems, may have been the first to discover America. And then there

are the stories about the Chinese discovering it from the East, and of course the Leif Erikson business and his trip to Vineland in A.D. 1000. And if the old Norwegian Vikings really did discover America, their name of Vineland seems a bit of an irony. And by the way, if we are to reckon in their discovery, we will bear in mind, please, that there were two Scotsmen in the Viking crew. (Newton's "Travel in the Middle Ages," p. 80.)

St. Brendan: de Triana

ON THE other hand, there are all the stories about St. Brendan's Island (and by the way, as late as 1755 this was solemnly marked in quite serious maps as standing out in the Atlantic somewhere to the West of the Canaries). So in a way we have a perfect right to say that it was the Irish who discovered America. And anyway, even if we fall back on the good old Christopher Columbus business, still the British Isles were well in the concern. For the hundred-and-twenty adventurers who sailed with Columbus in 1492 included in their number "two natives of the British Isles." The reference comes from Arthur Helps and I am bound to say that I was ever so glad when I stumbled upon it.

In point of actual fact, it was not Columbus who first sighted the New World at all, but Rodrigo de Triana, a common sailor of the Pinto. There had been a reward promised for the first man actually to sight land, and Rodrigo claimed it. But he never got it. He was not a nobleman, not a great man at all, and the Spanish Courts awarded prize and pension to Columbus as the Admiral in charge of the adventure. And, so say the chroniclers, Rodrigo in grief and bitterness of heart foreswore country and Faith and passing over out of Spain on his return went to Africa and embraced Mahomedanism and

so died a sad and broken mortal.

And after this little story my next card records the fact that had it not been for the matrimonial anxiety of a rabbit for parenthood, America might never have had the luck to have been discovered at all. Columbus, as every historian knows, had for his wife a Miss Felippa Perestrello. His father-in-law, Old Man Perestrello, had been one of the seamen who had ventured his life in following Prince Henry the Navigator into uncharted oceans, and as reward for his services he was granted the island of Porto Santo in the Madeiras. It might have been a fruitful island, the sort of place where a son-in-law could hang up a graceful hat. Only it was nothing of the sort. Someone had introduced rabbits, and they bred and multiplied and over-ran the islet so that nothing would grow and it became desert. And Columbus went out into the world to seek his fortune. But had it not been for those rabbits, he might have lived out his life there in sloth and luxury and nobody would ever have heard of him. Almost the only other reference that I have directly under America is that on October 2, 1880, a young Woodrow Wilson, the future President of the U. S. A., while still a student at the University of Virginia debated the question as to "whether the Roman Catholic element in the United States was or was not a Menace to American Institutions." And Wilson took the side that it was not.

Canada Means "Hutments"

UNDER Canada are some cards. The name to begin with means in Indian "hutments," and according to the London *Sunday Times* of October 16, 1927, the term was first applied by the Iroquois of the "Six Nations" of Indians to the settlements of the English fur-traders under the charter that Charles the First

granted to his brother Rupert and his brother Merchant Adventurers. And Montreal, by the way, was not the only place of its name. For there was another Montreal in Palestine, founded in the Middle Ages by the Crusading Kings of Jerusalem.

Then I have the trifle that a Catholic priest was once President of the great Canadian Pacific Railway, though only for about three hours. This was in 1910, and the priest was Father Lacombe, O.M.I., who as a missionary amongst the Indians had in the earlier days of the railway been of very great service in helping on its construction. It was as the guest of honor that the railway magnates then invited him to a directors' meeting in Montreal, and as a sort of jocular tribute Lord Shaughnessy, then President of the C.P.R., yielded to the Father his office "for the rest of the day." Fr. Lacombe by the way not to be outdone, promptly handed over in return his Presidency of the Lacombe Hospital, which incidentally did not do so badly at the meeting.

del Esperito Santo

COMING to Australia, we might be interested to note that its real name is *Australia del Esperito Santo*, the Southland of the Holy Spirit. Captain Cook in 1770 (and I've got a story about him too,) is Australia's discoverer in the popular mind, but long before his date, in 1606 to be exact, a De Quiros had been sent out by the Spanish Crown in search of the Great South Land. Actually he got as far as one of the New Hebrides, though some of the scholars think that it is quite possible that he actually sighted the real Australia, but in any case wherever he got he formally annexed everything both in and out of sight right up to the South Pole itself to the Crown of Spain—one of the most truly magnificent "gestures" surely that has ever been made in history. Incidentally, it was on his commission that not only was he to seize the entire South Polar Continent (or Continents) but that he was to convert any inhabitants that there might be to the True Faith. In 1606 they were indeed "thinking Imperially."

In newspaper after newspaper and book after book, the old lie is repeated of Sir Francis Drake being the first seaman to circumnavigate the world, and one or two scraps made out of the timbers of his ship, the *Golden Hind*, are still preserved in England as treasured relics. Only it is not true. In 1519,

years before Drake's time, Ferdinand Magellan left Portugal with five ships to find a way to the Spice Islands, and the one ship that survived three years later to creep back to port had completed the very first circumnavigation of our globe.

Indebted to the Latins

SOME DAY somebody will write a book on the fallacies of Anglo-Saxon history. For half the things that are claimed by England and America really owe their origins to the Latins. Stamps, for instance, we had in London in 1830; only they had got them in the Sardinian States of Italy twelve years earlier. And there were post-paid envelopes in the Paris of 1653. And with the tiniest bit of trouble and keeping an open mind, anyone can discover scores of such-like instances. I think it possible that I may try and write that book myself.

And speaking of post-offices, it was a Cardinal, the great Mazarin, who in 1643 practically instituted the entire French service. While the picker-up of unconsidered trifles might recall that from 1892 to 1908 the whole postal system of a large section of Abyssinia was run entirely by the Capuchin Fathers. There was simply nobody else to do it, and the Vicar-Apostolic of the Gallas accordingly acted as a completely gratuitous Post-Master General, establishing his own services of camel relays and runners. The thing in fact was only given up in the June of 1908 simply because the Capuchins refused longer to carry on a task which interfered with their own proper missionary work and which could much more properly be done by the Government.

Drake the Excommunicator

WE WERE talking, were we not, about Sir Francis Drake, the pride of Elizabethan empire and the glory of the Protestant world? Only oddly enough I have him indexed under Slaves, Piracy, and Excommunication. The last entry has nothing in the world to do with any excommunication of Drake by the Pope (though there was a soldier of the Spanish Armada who wrote a long and rather tedious Epic Poem about him, proving to his own satisfaction that Drake was the original of the Dragon of the Apocalypse), but refers to an excommunication by Drake of somebody else.

The occasion was in 1580 during the famous voyage round the world,

and Drake's ship's chaplain, the Rev. Francis Fletcher, having got into a rather more than usually unsavory trouble in a matter connected with a young native girl of fourteen years of age, Drake solemnly "excommunicated" his own Protestant chaplain "out of the Church of God." Though exactly what effect it all had, my index-card does not show. The other entries of course we shall reach in due course, providing that the reader ever gets so far and that I have not meantime lost my cards.

A Few Myths

MYTHS, of course, make a good line and, ignoring Pope Joan as far too obvious, one might perhaps begin with St. Pancras, the patron saint of Truth. To swear by St. Pancras was an oath indeed. My particular myth had to do with the French Revolution of 1789, when thousands of refugees from the Terror escaped over into England. And of those who settled in London, the most part made their homes in the old parish of St. Pancras (and there is one of those Revolution-time Catholic churches still left, St. Aloysius in Clarendon Square.) It may of course have been a chance, or perhaps half a dozen families found a friendly welcome in the district and others followed till there was quite a colony. But at the time a curious explanation was offered. Somewhere in France, it was said—only the "somewhere" was always vague—was a village of St. Pancras, and every day the Mass was offered there for the exiles of the St. Pancras of far-off London Town.. How the legend grew, I do not know. But there it certainly was, and here I have noted it as one more oddity of history.

Then there is one of the great London hotels, one of the very famous ones and one of the very wealthy where Americans form the bulk of the patrons, and I know a myth about that too. The place failed to pay when it was opened. No Americans came. It was losing money. And no carefulness of accounts or re-arrangement of management made any difference. It was as though there was a curse on the place. And then somebody found out that there was a curse, and a very dreadful one at that—a curse laid upon the site by the Roman Catholics, it was, centuries ago (probably when the site was stolen from some monastery!) And so the enterprising management put their heads together, collected a large sum of money, and

then bribed a "high Catholic authority" (probably Cardinal Manning,) to come secretly at dead of night, bring with him his book and bell and whatever other tools of his trade he might require, and so lift the Curse. And thousands of otherwise perfectly sane Londoners believe the tale in every detail.

Edward VII a Catholic?

THEN there was that story of well within the living memory of my own middle-age when it was freely whispered round London that the late King Edward was really a secret Papist and that, though of course privately, he contributed every year to the work of the Brompton Oratory a sum variously computed at anything from £1,000 to £10,000. And this tale, too, was almost universally believed. It is hard indeed to reckon how far such stories do reach and how much harm they may do in their process. And one can easily picture a breakfast scene at Brompton, with Oratorian glancing suspiciously at Oratorian, each Father secretly wondering who had got the money.

Less than thirty years ago there was another London story which in its way would again have been truly beautiful, but for the tragic nature of its serious side. This was the mysterious disappearance of Dr. Sophia Hickman, one of the lady doctors at the Royal Free Hospital in London, who on August 15, 1903, simply walked out of her hospital just before tea-time and apparently disappeared into thin air. For days and weeks the affair exercised the English newspapers, and the London criminal world was combed thoroughly by the police. And here and now one might as well say that when the body of the unfortunate lady was found it was full two months later and then behind some bushes out at Richmond Park many miles away from the hospital. And that was the tragedy of the thing.

The funny angle on the other hand was when after the first few days from the lady's disappearance one section of the London press began to suggest that the Jesuits were probably at the bottom of the mystery. The Royal Free of course is not very far from the Italian colony of London, Italians suggest Papists, and Papists suggest Jesuits. And that particular paper—and I would name it if I were a little more certain about the Laws of Libel—suggested to its simple Protestant readers that

Jesuits stood undoubtedly for murderers. The thing of course was easy. Jesuits disguised as organ-grinders, Grand Inquisitors disguised as ice-cream men, one whiff of chloroform and the business was as good as over. There was a Convent in Little Italy where they would naturally have been glad to receive the corpse, and the enterprising Daily naturally went on to whip up a sort of Nonconformist Crusade for an Act of Parliament enforcing a strict search into all Nunneries.

There is another Mysterious Disappearance in my card-index which in its way came near to making history. Only this time it was the other way about, for it was a Catholic who vanished. On February 5, 1840, Father Thomas mysteriously vanished from the Capuchin Convent at Damascus, and within a few days the city was in an uproar. It was the Jews who were said to have been at the bottom of the business, and serious riots led to the total wrecking of the Jewish quarters. Incidentally, no solution of the problem ever was arrived at, but the thing in its day reached the importance of an international "incident." The Turks of course were supposed to be in charge of Damascus, and if the Turks were clearly incapable of proper government, then each of the Great Powers was only too anxious to step in and take control, and all in the name of a humble Capuchin Friar whom ordinarily not one of their Legations would have allowed within its doors. In his way, Father Thomas indeed almost precipitated the World War seventy years or so before its time.

Jesuits Generally Blamed

THIS particular incident was rather exceptional, and as a rule under Mysteries I have found that it is generally the Jesuits who are blamed. Why the Jesuits, I do not quite know. If for instance a newspaper were to appear tomorrow with a scare-head of "Startling Mystery—Foul Murder Suspected" and were then to go on to suggest that a gang of Baptist Ministers or of Calvinistic Deacons were probably behind the business, the world would suspect the editor of that paper to have gone off his head. But say it in terms of "Jesuits" and quite a lot of readers will believe it.

Yet Calvinistic Deacons have before now done murders. In 1570 there was a Portuguese ship on her way to Brazil. Amongst her passengers were forty missionaries of

the Society of Jesus. The Portuguese ship fell in with a vessel manned entirely by Calvinists and there was a fight and the Portuguese lost it. And every one of those Jesuit Fathers had his throat cut. But no secular paper today would print the story. It is curious.

Greengages: Wine: Canter

EVEN the most innocent action, it seems, takes on a sinister aspect when in the least connected with the Society. Greengages, for instance, that apparently innocuous fruit, were supposed to have been introduced into England by a Father John Gage, S.J., of the old Catholic Family of Gage of Hengrave Hall near Bury in Suffolk. (See Notes and Queries, 1874.) But in the Protestant press we may be fairly sure that the introduction would not have been nearly so simple. "Anyone know anything about Greengages?" the General of the Jesuits (or famous "Black Pope") might have asked. And then when he gets the information that they occasionally bring on stomach-ache, he issues his sinister order. "Invent them then, and introduce them into England."

And while we are at it, the Dries of the United States would probably find their worst suspicions confirmed by a card of mine which says that the Society started the famous Madeira Wine Trade. This was probably Malmsey Wine, and it was cultivated on a Jesuit property known for almost centuries as the "Fuga des Padres." And that by the way is another word that has its little history. When the East India Company, the old "John Company," first went out to India the only priests were the Fathers of the old Portuguese régime, and so the word "padre" drifted into the slang of the British Army, became popularized by the "duration soldiers" of the Great War, and is today happily assumed by thousands of staunchly Protestant clerics both in England and America who would at the same time warmly deny that they were in any way Fathers or Priests. (Fraser and Gibbons. "Soldier and Sailor Words and Phrases.")

"Canter" is another odd word, being supposed to have come from the gentle and ambling pace taken up by the old pilgrims riding to the Shrine of St. Thomas a Becket at Canterbury. Haste, it seems, was hardly the key-note of the average pilgrim, for "saunter" is said to owe its origin to the pilgrims who made their leisurely

way to the Holy Land or *Sainte Terre*. And one could continue the list almost indefinitely. Peakirk, by the way, the English village in Northamptonshire, is one which you would hardly guess. It comes down from St. Pega, the sister of the St. Guthlac who was the patron of Crowland Abbey.

William Penn, S.J.?

RETURNING to our Jesuits, I have a really delightful entry culled from a perfectly modern and ordinary English guide-book to the Channel Islands. Mentioning the Jesuits College at St. Helier, it throws in the gratuitous remark that "a disagreeable secrecy shrouds the doings of the Jesuits; in their grounds is an observatory two hundred feet high." One can only admire the editor's idea of a sneakish secrecy.

Indeed the whole legend is most curious, and at one time or other practically everybody who ever was anybody at all must have been suspect of being a Jesuit in disguise. Not to have been taken for a Jesuit, in fact, is to argue oneself a nobody.

Even the great William Penn, the Quaker founder of Pennsylvania, achieved the common fate of greatness. Educated at Saumur in France, he was, and "Saumur" in popular parlance naturally became "St. Omer" and so made him a secret Catholic or Jesuit. For the Englishman of those days was even, if possible, weaker on his French than his descendant of today. One remembers the story of how after the end of the long Napoleonic Wars and the coming at last of Peace, the French Ambassador in London stuck up as a grateful tribute outside his residence a placard with the huge letters of "Concord." "Conquered, are we?" roared the genial though extremely intoxicated London mob. And promptly proceeded—though all in the most courteous ignorance—thoroughly to wreck the Embassy.

Reverting to our subject, another big-wig who came under suspicion of being a Jesuit-in-Disguise was no less a personage than the great Duke of Wellington, and he was so annoyed about it that he promptly challenged his accuser to a duel. The thing took place on March 21, 1829, fourteen years after Waterloo, and the other man was the Earl of Winchelsea. The Duke's offence, of course, had been heinous indeed. A staunch Protestant, he was at the same time a gentleman and as such insisted upon the preservation of the common

decencies to the Catholic populations under his control. In Malta, Canada, Mauritius, and other Catholic countries where the British Army was stationed, the question of saluting the Blessed Sacrament in Catholic processions was acute. England, of course, as a violently Protestant country was officially opposed to any Popery. At the same time deliberate rudeness had a curious way of alienating native sympathies and so leading to trouble.

In practice the point was usually left to the individual choice of local officers. On one of these occasions when the Procession of the Host was passing, a Captain Hugh Macdonald, in the staunchness of his principles, rather went out of his way to be deliberately "Protestant," leading his column to meet the Host and then purposely ignoring It and even refusing the few Catholics under his command the privilege to salute. The Iron Duke happened to witness the incident; thereupon he rode along the ranks and with his sword struck off the gallant Captain's helmet. The incident naturally produced an uproar in England. In passing, one might note that the point was put right in 1837, the year of Queen Victoria's accession, an Army Order of June 26 stating that in countries "where the Roman Catholic religion was predominant," sentries at points passed by the Host in procession were to present arms, though troops were not to be turned out for the occasion.

The Old Boogey

RETURNING once more to the Jesuits, we come to the famous myth of the "Jesuit Oath." The theory of this, of course, was the ancient lie about the "End Justifying the Means." Quite how it started is too complicated here to explain, but the point mainly rested on an obscure quotation from a little-read book, and of a Protestant's "find" of it and of his eager falsification of a sentence which he was equally unable to translate or understand.

But anyway on the strength of this very old lie, every Jesuit Father in the world was once popularly said to be under some strictly private arrangement with God by virtue of which he was able to tell as many lies as he liked. It was in its way quite a quaint myth. And the worst of it was that so long as the thing was said of Jesuits in general, it was extraordinarily difficult to nail it down to any particular case and refute it. And so a lot of uneducated people

continued up to quite recently firmly to believe this as quite an Article of Protestant Faith.

When, however, it was said about one Jesuit Father in particular, things were different as *The Rock* once discovered in a famous case. This was an old-established Protestant weekly of London, which for many years had fulfilled a useful purpose in providing a living for its staff and in catering for the weekly tastes of the many English old ladies who firmly and conscientiously believed from the depths of their souls that His Holiness the Pope was in some extraordinary way the actual Scarlet Woman of the Book of Revelation.

"The Rock" Splits

EVERY week *The Rock* had something to tell them; now it would be a Secret Scandal of some Nunnery, and the next week the old ladies could perhaps have their flesh made to creep as they read of some Plot of Jesuistry to Undermine the Throne. (There was by the way a truly delightful touch in the October of 1872 when Cardinal Manning's League of the Cross was beginning to attract attention and when Mr. Newdegate, an eminent Protestant politician, came out with the startling theory that "the conduct of Dr. Manning in placing himself at the head of a *teetotal* movement is nothing less than the development of a Jesuit Plot against the Church of England.")

When however on August 23, 1901, *The Rock* came out with an article "proving" that Father Bernard Vaughan of the Farm Street Jesuit Church in London was definitely disloyal to the British Crown, his "Jesuit's Oath" naturally absolving him from the formalities of any mere secular oath he might have taken to support the Throne, things happened. For Father Bernard promptly brought a Libel Action in the English Courts. And won it with heavy damages. Though whether he ever got his money or not I cannot say, for *The Rock* soon afterwards went out of business. Its usefulness was over and its staff had to find another livelihood.

Father Woodlock, S.J., by the way, in a letter to the London *Universe* has given instances of similar cases. A lawsuit in Cologne of March 30, 1905, established the fact that in Germany it was unsafe to call a Jesuit a liar, and the famous Jesuit's Oath business also came to grief badly in an action in Buda-Pest in 1928.

My last reference of all is to that same year of 1928, and notes Sir Frederick Milner's letter to the *London Times*. Sir Frederick was an English gentleman of an ancient and famous Yorkshire family, who for many years had interested himself in public affairs and who had been especially prominent in movements for the care and protection of the British ex-servicemen discharged after the Great War. A stalwart Protestant, he had allowed himself to fall into the common trap of the ancient "Jesuit Oath" myth and had publicly expressed certain views on the subject.

On it being pointed out to him, however, that the whole thing was a legend, absolutely without foundation of any sort, Sir Frederick took some pains to investigate the business, and finding that the stories of the "Jesuit's Oath," the "End Justifying the Means" and the rest of it all, were mere fabrications of Protestant prejudice, he though a Protestant himself conceived it his duty to write a letter to the *Times* expressing his regret in as public a manner as possible for having permitted himself in ignorance to lend his name to a popular lie. And this explanation from a public man of well-known integrity and universal respect practically set the seal to the end of the legend so far as England was concerned.

Today the thing is slowly dying out, though even now a number of not - particularly - clever people still firmly believe in the old myth.

St. Ignatius' Bean

UNDER the founder of the Society of Jesus, St. Ignatius Loyola, the man who under God was enabled to win back untold millions of human souls to God and to His Church, I am sorry to say that I have but a single entry—there is a bean in Bolivia that is called after him. *Aba de San Ignacio* is its name and it grows on a vine. And I can also tell you that at different times the Jesuits have been known as Fathers of the Faith and as Clerks of the Sacred Heart. And so I pass gracefully on to the Jesuitesses, whom I never heard of before till I found the name by accident. It is the Daughters of Notre Dame, a French Order, and when they were started at Bordeaux in 1607 they were known as Jesuitesses.

But one must of course be careful not to confuse them with the Jesuates, which was the original name

of the Sisters of the Visitation of Mary when they were established in the Italy of 1637. And so we come to the Jesuates, who had nothing to do with Jesuits, but who were a men's Order (now long extinct) founded by St. John Columbini and who owed their title to their pronouncing the Name of Jesus so often. All this sort of thing, one imagines, must have been set down as a deliberate trap for unsuspecting papers of the type of the oddly named and defunct *Rock!*

". . . plain Jesus"

AFTER that my next entry is plain Jesus, and with a story attached to it. We proud Anglo-Saxons, of course, with our natural suspicion of Latin Catholicism have as a rule the sincerest contempt for men with a Christian name taken from the Christ, and "Jesus," which by the way they pronounce "Hasus" in the Latin countries, arouses in us a sense of antagonism which is only increased if by any chance the baby's parents have happened to call him Jesus Maria.

Only if you go down to the town of Cobre de Jesus in Mexico it is different. It is a small mining town built by an American and doubtless soundly Protestant syndicate for the benefit of the Mexican employees who work the copper mines, and in the guest-house of the Company's headquarters hung up in the place of honor you will see the portrait of a Mexican employee in his overalls. The employee, by the way, went by the Catholic name of Jesus, only really one ought to call him an ex-employee.

The business did not happen in any Middle Ages, but as lately as November 7, 1908, when at two o'clock on a scorching Mexican afternoon two trucks of high-explosives for blasting purposes had arrived in the yard from the north. The engine had just been unhitched and run down the sidings, its locomotive crew taking it easy in the engine cab. At that moment it was noticed that a spark had somehow fallen on one of the trucks of nitro-glycerine and that under the Mexican sun the flame was beginning to run. Without a second's hesitation the man called Jesus, who had nothing in the world to do with the engine or with the trucks but who was simply one of the common Dago(1) employees of the company, ran down the siding to the locomotive, bundled the American crew out of their own cab, pulled the lever and himself backed the

engine across the yard and on to the trucks and, coupling-up in a hurry all by himself, ran the load half a mile out of the yard before the explosion came.

As it was, twelve men were killed and many people injured, the man's own sister by the way, being blinded for life. Jesus himself was of course blown into very fine dust, but the little township was saved and five thousand people in it. So that on the whole one can say that the performance was not at all bad for a man called Jesus. And as I say he has his portrait stuck up in the company's offices. And furthermore the entire township keeps the anniversary of his death.

Militia of Jesus

MY NEXT card concerns the Militia of Jesus. It was a sort of aftermath of the troubles of the Italy of the middle of last century and of the movements that resulted in 1870 in the loss of the Temporal Power of the Holy See. The Old States of the Church, like other States, had its own army. But it had been a very little one indeed, and quite unfitted of itself to withstand the various powers threatening the Eternal City. And so from 1850 onwards it had been strengthened by Catholic Volunteers from other countries. From England they came, and from Scotland and Ireland and from Canada and from France, from everywhere.

Only when it was all over and in 1870 the Temporal Power had fallen for the time being and nearly all the Volunteers and Legions had gone home again, there still existed aftermaths of the storm. So in France some of the former Pontifical Zouaves still kept themselves banded together in a sort of militia, meeting secretly at intervals to keep up their drill and discipline in case any day the chance ever came again to strike a blow for the Holy Father and the Holy See. Monsieur de Charette was their leader, and the banner of the Sacred Heart their standard. And you can find the reference in a book on "Republican France." Then again, in 1877, all over France and Italy parishes began to form another organization, enrolling their young men in a band pledged to support the restoration of the Temporal Power, only by using only moral suasion. And they called the thing the Militia of Jesus.

Another Chapter of My Card-Index on the Loose will appear in the October issue.

From RED TERROR

To WHITE PEACE

*The Personal Experiences of a
Woman Under Fire in Soviet Russia*

By E. M. ALMEDINGEN

The Last of Two Installments : Illustrations By M. O. Reynolds



THAT first winter at the University was electric, to say the least of it. Life outside became harder and harder still, but within those old red walls our little seminar, twelve students in all, welded themselves together into a unit of mighty friendliness.

Imagine a very small room, its walls disappearing under rows of laden shelves, a tiny window, giving out onto a snow-covered square yard, a broad long table, littered with palimpsests, heavy Migne volumes, note-paper and inkstands. Imagine a single and none too generous oil lamp and twelve eager youngsters bending their as often as not dishevelled heads over the heavy tomes! What a home was that little room! What a genuinely spiritual home for at least four among us: a Jewess, a Russian, an Armenian and myself of no definite nationality at all.

Like a boldly sculptured relief do these months stand out today. A two-fold relief at that! The joy of that cultured environment, the newly awakened thirst for knowledge, accessible books, the incomparable glory of fruitful research. We were often cold, since even at the University the fuel shortage was appalling. We were often hungry, since you could not thrive on stale herrings and oat-straw bread. But, honestly, I don't believe we were ever sharply miserable.

What friendships were made in that little room! St. Cyprian, St. Gregory of Tours, St. Leo, St. Augustine—all these and many more gave us and unstintedly of their companionship. Durandus and Suarez taught us to appreciate the incomparable beauty of Catholic worship.

St. Gregory, St. Isidor—these spoke of the doctrine. We drank it all in, eagerly, gladly. The keen-eyed professor watched us shrewdly. The rest of our co-students dropped broad hints now and again. And we just went on studying, delving deeper and deeper.

The four of us, for, since this time, the links in my own chain became joined to those of the other three—that Jewess, who had God's music at her very fingertips and in her heart, that Russian who later wrote Latin hymns which would not have shamed a follower of the St. Victor school; that quick-voiced Armenian who had God's color in her mind and painted Passion scenes in a way none but a loyal lover of Christ could have done. A grim fate later for these three, but at that time we were together—four sisters, continually together.

To me, personally, that winter came much in the manner of an astounding revelation.

Patristics did not lie. And Patristics convinced. Patristics showed that my once beloved English Church, as by law established, had not, vulgarly speaking, a leg to stand on. St. Cyprian's treatise on Church Unity accomplished the deed. Theologically, I knew where I stood. But I had a long way to go before coming to a direct personal acceptance of the Faith as taught by the Fathers of the Church. My three friends were far ahead of me. But at that moment, when I hesitated and wavered, my studies were rudely interrupted. I began with a bad cold, I ended with very severe pneumonia. They packed me off to a wretched tuberculosis hospital, where I spent

an entire winter in utter discomfort.

That hospital was the last word not merely in discomfort, but in actual squalor. Of real medical help, there was hardly any. You lay in that terrible, badly heated, badly lighted ward, day in, day out, shivering under a shabby threadbare blanket. Meals were more than indifferent, not that food troubled me to any great extent. All around me patients died not merely because their several diseases were incurable, but because the simplest medicaments were lacking.

Yet I had a marvelous nurse to look after me. I remember her now, very tall and slim, always neat in her grey dress and white veil. Her beautiful French rang a note of most pleasant surprise in that dingy, sunless ward. When Christmas night came, she, being off duty, walked into the ward, told me she was going to spend the evening with me and whiled away the long dreary hours by singing French, *Chansons de Noel* and *Adeste Fideles*. By way of a Christmas present she brought me a small packet of lump sugar and a semi-white loaf—both, doubtless, saved from her own none too generous rations.

WE TALKED religion often. She seemed very interested in all I told her about our liturgical studies at the seminar, though she did not beat about the bush.

"All your reading is very well, but where do you think it will end?"

"Middle Ages attract me," I tried to evade the point.

She smiled.

"The Church has always been the same, today even as in the Middle



That room a spiritual home for four of us: a Jewess, a Russian, an Armenian and myself.

Ages. But one does need more simplicity."

She talked to me about the one and only French priest in Petrograd, a Dominican, Father A, and I well-nigh took the plunge. I was near my convalescence then and could get a permit to leave the hospital for a few hours any day. So one afternoon I went to see Father A.

HE LIVED in utter poverty nearby his beautiful white church of Notre Dame de France. He received me in a tiny shed of a room, where there were just a couple of wooden benches and a smelly oil lamp on a rough table. It was so cold that he had to keep his overcoat on.

In that miserable little shed of a room, with the gloomy sleet-covered street outside, I came to know the actual practical workings of the

Faith. Father A. readily talked theology and Patristics to me, but, just like that little French nurse, he stressed the importance of simplicity. I suppose that at that time I was just meandering in a maze of liturgical subtleties. A personal acceptance of all their symbolism taught was still very far from me. I readily admitted that it would be a sheer insult to Our Lord even to suggest that the Church He had left behind Him could ever be split into fragments and the unity of the Roman Church was there so convincingly that I had not a shadow of a doubt she was His Church in all verity. But—I halted just there.

The weeks that followed were filled with surreptitious evening visits to the tiny church, run by the old Canon Wassilewski, within no distance from the hospital. There I

would slip, hours and hours before Benediction was due, and sit quite still and wonder and think and wait till the few lights gleamed on the poor altar and the lay-dressed nuns stole into their places at the far end of the church and chant *O Salutaris*. And on Candlemas night I stayed so late about the place that I got back to the hospital to find the front doors bolted and had to climb over the rather high garden railings to get in. The effort sent me back to bed for ten days or so.

WITH the spring I got my leave "for summer only," and was back at college. And here the quilt is more or less drab except for one or two catastrophes.

The Atheistic campaign was then beginning. Here and there in the streets you would find fiery-eyed



A little Orthodox chapel set on fire by the Communists.

youngsters, ladling out their sickening dope to the effect that things spiritual were an invention of the capitalist régime and so on. And one evening, going home from the University, I chanced on one such meeting, but the brazen speaker did not get off with it so easily.

"Off with you! We want none of your blasphemies."

"May God's wrath come down on you!"

That small crowd was electrified with anger. Brown lumps of dried mud whizzed in the air. And suddenly a very clear young voice rose above the tumult:

"Let him go, brothers! The poor fool does not know any better. He is told to talk all this twaddle and he talks it. Don't hurt him, though!"

I SWUNG round. Saw a slim youth, a gentleman in every inch of him, a humorous twinkle in his grey eyes. I liked him. The angry crowd did not.

"What! Standing up for a dirty-mouthed atheist, are you?"

"To the river with both of them," shouted someone.

"Can't you see what I mean," he began, but the crowd drowned his further words in an angry uproar.

There was something like a tub nearby. I jumped on it. I added my own bit of shouting. I don't remember much else. A few moments later the frightened atheist and the crowd were gone. The grey-eyed youth was there all right. He gripped my hand.

"Are you one of us?" he asked.

I looked at him very stupidly.

"Who are you?" I parried.

"Why, a Catholic. I thought you were, too. At least, you spoke like one."

"Well, I am not," I answered and just went on my way.

But no sooner did I leave that boy than I knew that I would dearly have liked to answer: "Yes, I am and proud of it, too."

A few months later—almost a year later—I stumbled over the boy near one of the confessionals at St. Catherine's Church. He waited for me to go out and followed me into the porch.

"We have met before," he smiled.

"Rather," I readily admitted. "Had any more trouble with the street atheists lately?"

He shook his head:

"No—but, I say, that you might at the least have given me a chance

to thank you in a proper manner."

I told him I had forgotten all about my share in the business. We had a long talk. Soon became friends. I have no idea where he is today. He was training for his priesthood when I left Russia eight years ago and I never had any further news from him.

Studies, more studies through that terrible summer of 1920. Life was breathless, chaotic, destructive then! Machine guns, poison gas; Petrograd, what there was left of it—looking very much like a huge arena where a horde of lunatics at large were fighting an inanelly ceaseless battle.

Autumn, and again the dreary days at the hospital, now still more sunless since the little French Sister had

left. My mind became wooden again in spite of the stimulating studies at college. And tired, too. But when Christmas came along, I woke up.

"I shall have a Christmas Mass this year," I resolved. "I shan't have a churchless Christmas."

I WANTED to go to midnight Mass at Notre Dame de France, a matter of two miles from the hospital. I did. It fell on a bitter snow-stormy night and my snow boots were anything but adequate. Two Lithuanian nurses from the hospital, a little amused at the idea of a non-Catholic venturing out into the dark, decided to accompany me.

We left about nine p.m. not at all certain if we would be able to get back.

Petrograd by daytime was bad enough. Petrograd in the dark was a nightmare. Nobody worried about clearing up the snow, so it lay in two enormous hedges, each about seven feet high, on either side of the road. In that utter darkness you had to pick up your way literally step by step. Snow kept on falling in moist, heavy flakes. To add to it all, Petrograd was in those days terrorized by bands of highwaymen, who used to hide in cemetery crypts by daytime and came out when darkness fell to waylay any passer-by. These were known as *pokoyniki*, or "dead men" since invariably they appeared dressed in long white shrouds. My two companions, to say nothing of myself, were terrified at the mere idea of meeting them. And the French



A procession of fully fledged young Atheists returning from their night's work.

church seemed miles and miles away.

At very, very long last we did get there. At the corner of the street a bonfire greeted our bewildered eyes; it was a little Orthodox wayside chapel set on fire by the Communists "for a fitting celebration of Christmas." We shuddered and passed on, finding our way in with great difficulties, since the big front doors were bolted, as a wise precaution against the untoward possibilities of a raid.

IN THE darkened church, where a very shabby crib hid in a corner, and an improvised choir stumbled over every syllable of *Adeste Fideles* and where Father A., tired to exhaustion, mounted the pulpit to speak very few words of most convincing good cheer, there, I say, the very shadow of the Red Terror seemed not. Then I began to understand something that not all my liturgical studies could ever teach me: the unshakable majestic simplicity of a Faith which indeed could hold its own against the very odds of Hell itself.

That first Christmas Mass, attended at no small risk, put a virtual end to all my previous waverings. It was nearly dawn when we got back to the hospital and the result of my "escapade" was that the doctor on night duty decided it was no longer any use to keep me on as a convalescent inmate, so very early in January I was discharged.

I was not received into the Church until the following Palm Sunday, but what happy months those were. In the light of all that happened later, I just feel I am quite unworthy to speak of the men and women I was privileged to meet, myself on the very threshold of the Church. My three colleagues and myself were literally overwhelmed by the kindness and the sympathy we got wherever we went among Catholics. There was our Primate, the late Archbishop John Cieplack, the later martyred Monsignor Budkiewicz (who actually received us) and the Very Rev. Paul Chodniewicz, later imprisoned and now enjoying his hard-earned freedom in America, and so many others, whose very fate remains a sealed scroll to this day and whose names it might not be safe to mention. There we were, unfledged, keen youngsters, of not much use to anybody, and there was not a single Catholic man or woman in Petrograd but made us feel how welcome we were.

As to our actual reception. . . . Ah, well, there are things one just cannot find apt words for. Suffice it to repeat the title of my story—"From Red to White Peace," Christ's own peace at that. Why, that conviction has stayed with me personally ever since: no real abiding harm can befall you so long as you remain in God's hands, sheltered within His very own Household, privileged within His own Sanctuary.

And now anyone might raise a very natural question, "Ah yes, but just why did it all happen to you? Was it because you steeped yourself in old Catholic literature? Or because you followed a Catholic procession, or because a Catholic priest treated you as a human being at a time when nobody else thought of doing it? Or because a Catholic girl prayed for you before going out to her own death? Or because of that first Christmas Mass you ran to, so madly forgetting all about the risks on the way? Or because of what?"

Well, to begin with, I daresay all these were in reality so many links in one chain. Can anything, sin always excepted, happen to one unless God wills it in His great love? Some said to me after that Great Palm Sunday, when I got back to college, that they never expected anything else from me, seeing I was endowed with a Western mind; though they never made clear as to what one's mind had to do concerning one's faith. And others alleged that I "jumped over to Rome because there loomed trouble ahead for Catholics in Russia and the soldier's blood in me welcomed any possibility of crossed swords. And still others came forward, asserting that "all those youngsters at college succumbed to the Jesuit bait, because famine was drawing near and the Pope in his Vatican was sending canned foods to all his subjects in Russia." This might have answered the mark, yet, unfortunately, there was not a single Jesuit in Russia at the time to make the charge ring true.

I suppose that the Red Terror was in a way responsible. An outsider might find it hard to understand, but the Catholic churches in Russia were the only refuges from the terrible chaos outside. Countless men and women did I meet in those days, whose entire morale would have undoubtedly tottered, were it not for the help and support they got in God's sanctuaries.

The very joining the Church had

a dynamic meaning quite apart from any direct parochial activities. To quote the words of Monsignor Budkiewicz: "When you will be with us, understand that this will mean hard work and barely any leisure. We shall expect you to do much, because workers among us are getting scarcer and scarcer, and there is so much to be done. But you can fully count on our help and encouragement." And he lived up to these latter words.

In that terrible summer of 1921, the whole country of Russia lay in the throes of the worst famine history has ever known. Thanks to the American generosity, relief came speedily. I joined the American Relief Administration and was sent by them to Moscow, an absolutely alien town to me. Yet I came there as no stranger; Catholic nuns, living in utter seclusion and utter poverty, befriended me.

A Catholic student girl (later she, too, joined the same community), aware that, in spite of all efforts of the American Relief officers, house shortage remained house shortage, readily suggested that I come and share her own humble home. Even while I was in Moscow, the girl got herself into trouble with the authorities for something or other. I happened to be at work at the American Relief House. Forgetful of her own safety, the girl managed to send me a message of warning: "House watched. Don't come back tonight. Go to the nuns. They know all about it, will find you shelter."

They did—in a tiny home of a verger's mother, who staunchly refused to take any money from me: "You never take meals with us and I pay no more rent because of your being here. If you really have any money to spare, give it to the Dean of St. Peter's; he has his poor to look after." So spoke an old woman who as often as not had little more than dry rusks for dinner!

AFTER four years of callous indifference it was more than edifying to meet types such as these. And they were legion.

That last Christmas in Russia stands out unforgettablely. Conditions were going from bad to worse at a down-hill rate, too. One anti-religious decree succeeded another. Here and there came rumors of churches being looted and closed in various parts of the country. The frenzied shouts rose sky-high at every Communist meeting: "Down with God!

Down with all religion! We are out to create a Godless and Christless country and who shall say us nay! We shall fight the Lord God in His Sanctuary and vanquish Him in His own Heaven and bring all His worshippers down to muddy dust! Away with all creeds! This is our battle-cry!"

And we, a handful of Catholics in Moscow, many of us, like myself, converts "born out of due time," heard these cries wherever we went. So came Christmas Eve and I picked my way towards the cathedral church of Sts. Peter and Paul. Midnight Mass came and went. Afterwards the Dean invited me to supper. There were few of us present in that shabbily furnished, closely curtained room. The old priest said grace and then looked at us. His hands trembled as he sat down.

"I don't believe we are likely to have another Christmas here," he said very quietly.

We sat still. And suddenly in spite of the late hour, there broke a terrible din outside. One of us went to the window and raised the curtain. The night was quite dark, but the street simply glared with the countless torches, carried high by the red-capped Communists. Fragments of obscene songs rang in the winter air. Foul language here and there! A procession of fully fledged young Atheists returning from their night's work. Something like actual nausea rose in my throat. This was what Christmas night meant to those! Desecration, blasphemy and worse. . .

"How can they?" asked someone indignantly, but the Dean shook his silver head.

"One can but be sorry for them. That is all."

And his terrible prophecy came true! By the Christmas of 1923, most of the Catholic priests in Russia were imprisoned, so many altars dark, so many churches harried and sealed with the ominous red seal of the Soviet authorities.

Yet I was not there to watch with them through those stages of actual martyrdom. So it does not really behoove me to say anything about this, the bloodiest chapter in the whole history of the Catholic Church in Russia. But I did stay with them through the last months of unavoidable dreary waiting for the catastrophe that was so terribly sure to fall on them. And I witnessed their loyalty to the Faith on more occasions than I have space here to write about. I saw their love for the Blessed Sacrament expressed

most vividly both in word and in action. "Nowhere except in the Lord's Presence can we gather the strength we need." Those underfed and life-weary Catholics would keep unending the voluntary vigils before all of His sanctuaries throughout Russia. None compelled them to do it. Love alone did.

IT SEEMS there is just nothing to add to this. If I were to pile reason upon reason for my conversion, I would not explain much. I could just say that nowhere except at a Catholic altar did I find that peace without which further hardships, whatever their nature, would have been endurable. Nowhere except from a Catholic pulpit did I hear the message of hope put forth so clearly and convincingly that one sensed as though some mighty courage were given one on the spot. Nowhere, finally, except in a Catholic confessional did one hear words of sympathy rather than of judgment. So that the waves of the Red Terror receded further and further, and you forgot all the sunlessness of your day's pattern so long as you had your Mass often, ah so very, very often, attended most furtively.

Such was the White Peace granted to all who chose to take it. If I were called upon to frame a simile, I would suggest something like that. All the time I spent groping round about the Church, trying now this gate, now that, frequently stumbling and as

frequently blundering, seeing nothing but the dull outside of the tall Gothic windows, nothing but the dull outside, blind to the riotous grandeur of their color as seen from within. Such a long time it was, too! And then suddenly, inexplicably, a ray of light shot down, pointed to the door by which one was to enter in, and in I went, very uncertainly, almost fearfully and saw these colored windows as they really are, all the beauty of God's Truth captured in a brilliant rainbow mood, resplendent, glorious, terrible in its very majesty. What words can there be found for that? The poet who first sang *Benedicite* to the green evening skies of Judea surely brooks no rival.

Those rainbow colors! But God's peace is white, just as white absorbs all other colors, at once being their beginning and their end. So I hope I have explained the title of my story—at last.

The sanctuary bell of Notre Dame de France in the now inaccessible Petrograd still rings in my remembering ears sometimes. And the sun-flooded nave of the great St. Catherine's on that Palm Sunday when the four of us laboriously stumbled over the long Latin sentences in the profession of faith. . . Why, why did it all happen? And down the centuries the triumphant cry of the unafraid Crusaders comes home to me: *Dieu, le veult*—"God wills it."

So—God did indeed will it and may His name be blessed.

THE END.

The Quest

By HUGH F. BLUNT, LL.D.

WHAT is this happiness they sing?
God, why have I not found this thing?

Is it a game of make-believe,
This happiness? Do they deceive,
And strive to hide the pain and tears
By hollow laughter and by cheers?

God, though they fool their silly heart,
Silent I must remain apart.
I am not happy nor shall be
Till God Himself is given me.
Proud one! ambitioning such bliss—
Yet God created me like this.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS

ANY BOOK NOTICED HERE CAN BE BOUGHT FROM THE SIGN. ADD 10% OF PRICE FOR POSTAGE.

THE MESSAGE OF FRANCIS OF ASSISI. By H. F. B. Mackay. Morehouse Publishing Co., Milwaukee, Wis. \$1.75.

We heartily commend this book to all admirers and lovers of St. Francis. Though written by a non-Catholic clergyman, it has caught the true spirit of the Poor Man of Assisi and has presented him in such up-to-date disguise as will readily capture the imagination of the modern reader. As the book was originally written for an English audience many of its similes will be quite new to American readers, but the publishers state that they make no apology for these nor endeavor to replace them with American similes—"true art, in literature as well as in painting and sculpture, transcends national boundaries." Unlike many books on St. Francis written by non-Catholics, this work does not minimize or gloss over the supernatural elements in the life and character of the Saint. Rather, it stresses them. Nor does it falsify history: "Never be misled by modern writers into thinking that the Catholic Church behaved badly to Francis; the Catholic Church behaved gloriously to Francis. Realize how convincing the goodness of Francis must have been, and what sincere goodness must have met him in the person of Pope Innocent III for this to have been possible, for Francis was not a trim and sober-looking monk, remember; the scornful would have said that he was a cracked young man in corduroys and a smock frock." If you want a charming sketch of St. Francis, written in lyric English, get a copy of this book.

CATHERINE DE GARDEVILLE. By Bertha Radford Sutton. The Macmillan Company. New York, N. Y. \$2.00.

Here is a Catholic novel; one that is essentially and vitally Catholic with all the fearlessness and unashamed piety that are hallmarks of the writings of so many British convert novelists. "The Crucifix or nothing." These words of the author are symptomatic of the entire book. Yet her thesis is developed and proved without that belligerency, mawkish sentimentality, or gushing religiosity with which so many are wont to stigmatize the usual Catholic novel.

Catherine de Gardeville's French father died in her infancy, and she lives with her English mother and stepfather who are members of a rather fast and fashionable social set in Mayfair. Catherine, however, is distinctly not of

their world. Extremely beautiful and possessed of a charming personality she, nevertheless, remains aloof from the gay follies and hectic manner of life all about her. Yet, she is never the prude, nor puritanical in the slightest. She feels strangely drawn to the Catholic Church, although her mother ever strives to keep her from Catholic contacts. When she learns that her dead father was a Catholic, she knows the reason for the strange urge within her soul. Shortly after Catherine's reception into the Church, her mother is seriously injured in a hunting accident and the family moves to a tiny village in the Pyrenees where she is to recuperate. It is quite near Lourdes, the scene of so many of Mrs. Sutton's stories, and there the events of the final chapters take place.

This novel we recommend to all lovers of good fiction. Especially should our young men and women read it. It is interesting and well written.

SIX PICTURES OF PALESTINE. By Peter F. Anson. The Challenge Limited, London.

These beautiful pictures done by the well known Catholic artist, Peter F. Anson, whose work has appeared in the pages of *THE SIGN* from time to time, are so many glimpses of modern Palestine. They are topographically perfect, and the coloring is good. The scene representing Olivet under the light of the Paschal moon is exceptional. They were originally published for the use of the English Sunday School Institute. Our teachers will find them useful and instructive for imparting a composition of place in narrating scriptural events.

HISTORY OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN JAMAICA. By F. X. Delaney, S.J. Jesuit Mission Press, New York, N. Y. \$2.50.

If the future books of the Jesuit Mission Press are as interesting, as well written, and as satisfying in type and binding, as is this, their initial volume, then we may look forward to a series of distinctive and valuable contributions to contemporary mission literature. As a history it is indicative of much study, thorough research, and painstaking winnowing of material. Yet, the volume is by no means a mere cataloging of names and statistics. To be sure such are there, but they are buried in local atmosphere or concealed behind the charm of Father Delaney's reminiscent style. The narrative is a

complete story of the Church in Jamaica, from the time of its discovery in 1494 until the present year. Everyone interested in foreign mission endeavor will enjoy this excellent book. Especially should it appeal to the friends and benefactors of the zealous Jesuit Fathers who have made the Catholic Church in Jamaica a fact. It is enhanced by many photographs of places and persons of interest.

THE INTRODUCTION TO PHILOSOPHY. By Jacques Maritain. Translated by E. I. Watkin. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. \$3.00.

This volume, translated from the eleventh French edition, is the first of a series of seven. The remaining six, which are still to be written, will deal with Formal Logic, Theories of Knowledge, Cosmology, Psychology, Metaphysics, Ethics and the History of Philosophy. We have no doubt that the standard set up in this volume will be maintained in its successors. The present volume begins with a brief outline of the history of philosophy up to the time of Aristotle with the purpose of showing "how the transition was effected between the teaching of common sense and the scientific knowledge of philosophers, how the great philosophic problems arose of themselves, and how a particular conception of philosophy, which will later be put to the test of discussion, results inevitably from this enquiry, and naturally forces itself upon the mind." Following this historical introduction comes a discussion of the nature of philosophy. The first half of the book is made up of these two sections. The second half is concerned with an account of the main division of philosophy and a survey of its specific problems. Perhaps no other writer has succeeded better than J. Maritain in presenting to the modern world the Aristotelian-Thomistic philosophy. His works should form a compulsory supplement to the philosophic course in our Catholic colleges and seminaries.

HEBREWISMS OF WEST AFRICA. From Nile to Niger with the Jews. By Joseph J. Williams, S.J., Ph.D., Litt.D. The Dial Press, New York. \$7.50.

This book is a scholarly and well-documented study of Jewish influence and teaching among the Negroes of West Africa. It is the author's personal conviction that a Jewish element is to be found in the parent stock of

the Ashanti and that this element, too, has every indication of being lineally connected with the Hebrews of pre-Babylonian days, presumably through the refugees in Egypt. He does not claim to base his conviction on absolutely demonstrated fact. His conviction is founded on the theory that the original Israelite tradition flowed not only through the pure stream of Judaism, but also through the muddled stream of paganism. A branch of this muddled stream he finds running from the Nile to the Niger: "Somewhere in the dim past, in a wave, or more probably series of waves, of Hebraic influence swept over Negro Africa, leaving unmistakable traces among the various tribes, where they have endured to the present time." The theory is not invalidated by the practice of fetishism among the Negroes. The author quotes the firm opinion of R. E. Dennett, who says: "I should infer from the long study I have made . . . that this superstition called fetishism is an overgrowth imposed upon the purer knowledge they once certainly possessed." The book contains an enormous amount of information that will prove interesting not only to the professional student but also to the general reader. Besides an extensive bibliography, it is enriched with two illustrations and five maps.

THE LIFE OF BISHOP HEDLEY.
By J. Anselm Wilson, D.D. P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York. \$5.50.

In the foreword to this volume, the Abbot of Ampleforth apologizes for what may be called piecemeal composition of the book. Its perusal, however, will convince the reader that the writing of the life-story of Bishop Hedley has been entrusted to very competent hands. It is the history of a cultured gentleman, an exemplary monk and priest, a bishop whose episcopacy covered forty years. As here portrayed Bishop Hedley stands forth as a man of singular ability, of wide interests, who acquired extensive knowledge and displayed considerable executive talent. His zeal for the spread of the Church in Wales, his books and occasional writings are reviewed at length. Particularly interesting are the chapters that treat of his "Early Years," "The Religious Life," and "His Inner Life." It is in these that the charm of his personality especially shines forth. For some the most appealing part of the book will be his interest in questions of the day, such as Evolution and its Catholic defenders and Modernism as concerned with quite a few distinguished names. Had he been bishop of a more prominent diocese he would, no doubt, have exercised a wider and most lasting influence. Even so, as Abbot Matthew says in the introduction: "His

death has left a gap in our Catholic life, that has, as yet, not been adequately filled."

SAVONAROLA. By Piero Misciattelli. Translated by M. Peters-Roberts. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$3.50.

The tragic career of the great Florentine is presented in this vivid biography. Heretofore the most popular life of Savonarola in English has been the colored narrative by Pasquale Villari who has blamed Pope Alexander VI as the chief instigator of the Dominican friar's death. "But the Pope cannot be reproved," says Misciattelli, "for any actual illegal act effected by him to the detriment of the three prisoners. He nominated two very clever men to undertake the examination of the accused. On the ecclesiastical side was the General of the Dominicans, Gioacchino Turriano And on the political side was a Spaniard, Francisco Romolino, Bishop of Ilerda, doctor *utrinque juris*, and auditor to the Governor of Rome, that is, to that civil power of which Savonarola was subject in his quality of priest There is no trace in any document that the Pope was aware of falsification of the trials, or that he tried to deviate from the straight course of justice." Moving through the pages of this volume are such historical figures as Pope Alexander VI, Lorenzo de Medici, Michael Angelo and Charles VIII of France. The book is illustrated with sixteen reproductions of contemporary art.

TWELVE YEARS IN THE CATHOLIC CHURCH. By John L. Stoddard. P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York. \$3.00.

John L. Stoddard, whose "Rebuilding a Lost Faith" created much interest when it first appeared, about ten years ago, as the work of "an American Agnostic," gives in this book another account of the reasons why he is a Catholic, and of his experiences as a Catholic, after having been in the church for over twelve years. Mr. Stoddard will be remembered by the elders of this generation as the author of "Stoddard's Lectures on Travel," which enjoyed a large measure of popularity about twenty-five years ago.

Gradually losing what he possessed of Christianity as a Congregationalist, he became associated with the free thinkers of the late 90's, who pooh-poohed all old fashioned religion, and at the same time swallowed everything which rationalists said about Christianity. It was the destruction of all his misconceptions caused by the World War which made him realize his spiritual insecurity, and inspired him to turn his attention to that blessed religion

which closed the eyes of thousands of dying soldiers, and whispered in their ears words of future hope. He entered the Catholic Church and soon gave to the world that masterful work—"Rebuilding a Lost Faith."

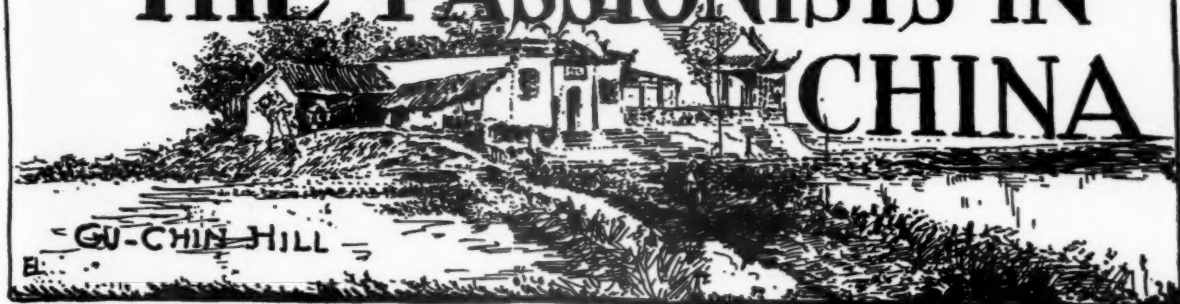
As he feels the shadow of death approach with slow but steady tread upon him (Mr. Stoddard is now an octogenarian) he feels that it is incumbent upon him to bear testimony to the "blessed peace, which the unity, authority, and sacraments of the Holy, Apostolic, Catholic Church has given him, and still gives him, before it is too late."

The book is a partial answer to the felt, but unasked, question which rises in the minds of former comrades in agnosticism or sectarian fellowship, if the convert has found the Catholic Church "all he anticipated," and whether he has not experienced disillusion, and possibly regret for the step he so rashly took when subjecting himself to the yoke of the Church of Rome. Mr. Stoddard answers that question by saying: "In regard to my spiritual happiness as a Catholic, I must content myself with the unqualified assurance of the fact, and of my gratitude to God for having permitted me to enter the Apostolic Catholic Church of Christ; and I also affirm the absence in my heart of even the shadow of regret that I took the step."

He then goes on to treat of those doctrines of the Church which are the foundation of all revealed religion, and shows how they are to him as true as when he accepted them in his first act of Faith as a Catholic. He treats of the Divinity of Christ, the Miraculous Character of Christ, the Authenticity of the Gospels, the Teaching Church, Catholic versus Secular Education, the Persecuted Church, the Church of the Catacombs, the Church of Authority, and Why Rome could not go to Lausanne.

In that clear, easy and simple style so characteristic of him, the author shows the reasonableness of Catholic doctrine, and declares repeatedly that they satisfy him. "Twelve Years in the Catholic Church" offers interesting and informative reading for both born Catholics and those who have come into the Church through conversion. Those, too, who would like to know how a convert feels after having been a Catholic for some time will find Mr. Stoddard's account of himself matter for thought. Those who are still outside the fold, but who are dissatisfied with sectarian religion and nurse the great desire of leaving the City of Confusion for the light and peace and strength of the blessed City of God will find in this book matter for encouragement.

THE PASSIONISTS IN CHINA



Installation of Monsignor O'Gara, C. P.

By EDWARD MCCARTHY, C.P.

EVERYBODY in Shenchow knew a week ahead of time of the installation of Rt. Rev. Msgr. Cuthbert O'Gara, C.P., as Prefect Apostolic of the Passionists in Hunan. Why shouldn't they? When you hear firecrackers in China, you know that some celebration is taking place. When they continue to bang away several times during the day, the chances are that something out of the ordinary is happening. But when your head aches and your ears buzz after listening to the popping of firecrackers for a full week, then you may expect almost anything.

It was this way. The Sunday before Pentecost a little boy walked proudly into the Mission carrying in one hand a package neatly tied up in red paper, and in the other a bundle of firecrackers. Soon there was an explosion and firecrackers were popping all over the place. In less than twenty minutes a swarm of people were in evidence. The firecrackers had done it. "What's the big idea?" they inquired. The little lad's chest expanded two inches as he exclaimed: "Ai-Ia! Didn't you hear about it? Next Sunday the Catholic Mission is having a big festival. My master is sending a present to the new *Chu-chiao* (Prefect), and wants to give him 'big-face' with these firecrackers."

News travels fast in China. The same day other messengers came with presents and firecrackers. The next day the military and officials sent soldiers with gifts and a "big-bertha." And the gifts kept coming in, and

the gun-powder kept exploding for the rest of the week, as the Christians and pagans vied with one another in showing their respect and good-will for the new Prefect.

Less noisy but more welcome was the arrival of the missionaries who had travelled many miles to be present for the installation. They were a tired but happy looking group as they entered the Mission gate; for journeying in the interior of China is not done in a pullman coach, smothered in comforts, but on foot, mule, or sam-pan, in which latter conveyance you may sit, kneel, or lie down, but you stand at the peril of yourself, your ship, its cargo and the celestial at the helm. It was indeed a picture for Puck to see some of the Fathers ride in on their mules. It looked as though an old-fashioned circus had come to town. All had thrilling stories to tell; two of them, concealed in the bottom of a native boat, passed undetected through a band of over fifty bandits.

Later the visiting Christians began to arrive. Although weary in body as they marched into the Mission, with a bag across their shoulders (containing their bedding and clothing for the big day) and the straw-sandals on their aching and mud covered feet, they were all eagerness and anxiety to meet Monsignor. One good old woman started off with the others, but did not arrive until a day later than they, but neither the distance nor the weight of years

deterred her from walking over mountains to be present for the installation. She had to travel slowly and rest frequently by the wayside, but what a comfort it was for that aged saint when she knelt before the great consoler, the Lord of the tabernacle and received Holy Communion from the hands of Msgr. O'Gara.

On Saturday all were as busy as the proverbial mouse in a cheese factory. The altar boys and the choir had their last rehearsal; the little girls, Sisters of Charity, and the two Sisters of St. Joseph, who were passing through Shenchow, tastefully decorated the church and altars; and the Fathers spent long hours in the confessionals.

Came the much heralded and long awaited Pentecost Sunday. The day was a marvel. All were up bright and early dressed in their holiday best. The children especially looked pretty in their brightest and gayest attire and Sunday smile. The whole surrounding country was thrown into a quiver of excitement. For more than an hour before the beginning of the service many hurried to the church lest they should miss any part of the ceremony. And as the church bell sounded, the procession formed at the priests' house.

UNLIKE many other processions in China, which usually have a goodly number of dirty and ragged men and boys, this was a thing of beauty, grandeur and color. The censor-bearer, cross-bearer and acolytes were followed by the choir boys and



The Rt. Rev. Monsignor Cuthbert O'Gara, C. P., with the Passionist Chinese Missionaries.

dressed in white and red cassocks and plain surplices. Then came the torch-bearers with their new red cassocks, lace surplices and red slippers, the Fathers in religious garb, the sacred ministers in vestments and, lastly, the Monsignor in his Prefect's robes.

THE procession moved through an arch which had been erected by the school boys over the path leading to the church. This was gaudily decorated with flowers, lanterns and streamers of every color, red predominating as this is a symbol of joy and festivity among the Chinese. When the procession reached the church the organ burst forth and twenty-five sweet little voices sang out the *Ecce sacerdos* (Behold the great priest). A splendid musical program had been arranged by Father Francis Flaherty and was effectively rendered by the little lads he had trained.

The altar boys also added much to the beauty of the service. Their youthful hearts were filled with joy in being permitted to act such an important part. They carried out the rubrics as perfectly as in any big cathedral in America. How gracefully they presented the Prefect's vestments, bowing as only a Chinaman knows how. Even the little Chinese boy has the knack of handling clothes neatly. But little Francis had the master of ceremonies a bit worried when he hesitated in presenting the vestment. We thought for a second that it was a question of "No shirtee without checkee" but Francis knew his rubrics, he just

wanted to make sure that he was exactly in his proper position before bowing reverently to Monsignor.

One can easily imagine the impression made by the solemn pontifical Mass on the Chinese, both Christians and pagans, who never before had witnessed such a ceremony. The eyes of all followed every movement of the celebrant. An eloquent and instructive sermon was delivered by Father William Westhoven, our religious superior, in which he took advantage of the opportunity of showing the meaning, dignity and duties of a Prefect Apostolic. He concluded his discourse with a stirring appeal to the Christians to be faithful to their pastor and to pray frequently for him. The Christians do love and pray for their Prefect as was evidenced by the many spiritual bouquets they presented him. It must have been very consoling to Msgr. O'Gara to distribute Holy Communion to almost every Christian in the church, and to realize that the faithful were offering their Holy Communion for his welfare. Needless to say that we priests joined our prayers with those of our converts.

At the end of the Mass the Papal Blessing was given and the procession passed down the middle aisle back to the priests' house. This gave the pagans who had arrived late a chance to get a close-up view of the whole affair. They were filled with awe and amazement as their curious wide open eyes quickly reviewed the line up. Mothers, as mothers will, held their babies high above the crowd to see the strange procession. The color of the Monsignor's robes

was restful to the Chinese eyes. The ring on his finger seemed to be an object of intense interest and amusement. The old men lazily smoked their long bamboo pipes and said little, but the young lads inquired about the price of the ring, betting as to its value.

No sooner had the procession returned to the house than the Christians flocked in to congratulate Monsignor and to kiss his ring. He sent them to their breakfast with a kind word and a pleasant smile. In the afternoon they returned for solemn Benediction. On the following day another opportunity was given to the Christians to attend a pontifical Mass and solemn Benediction and to listen to a fervent exhortation by Father Paul Ubinger.

THE celebration ended with a dinner for all who had offered gifts to the new Prefect. Invitations were sent out to the guests. But that was not sufficient. Chinese etiquette demands that when the feast is ready a messenger be sent to the guests to remind them of the invitation. But they insisted that they were not worthy to enter our beautiful mansion. The messenger assured them that we realized we were asking for too great an honor to have them come to our unworthy house and eat our humble repast, but begged them to come. After two other invitations the guests promised to come. The hour set was two o'clock so they reached the house about five o'clock.

Greeted by the host, they spent the first five minutes in bobbing up and down to everybody in the room. Then

the principal guest was requested to take the seat of honor. Immediately he was all action, and walked away begging to be given a lower position; but, as he expected, he was taken by the arm and forced to take the place of honor. The dishes were placed in the center of the table; he who had the longest reach made out best. Bones and skins were thrown under the table, and between the courses the guests spent every minute

in nibbling at melon seeds and wiping their hands and faces with a warm towel. We had one gate-crasher. This man went one-eyed-Connolly one better by bringing his son with him to the feast. Uninvited he walked in, just as the banquet began, sat down at the table and offered another seat to his little boy. Each of them did full justice to the meal. Without eating the last dishes placed on the table the guests

arose, bowed and departed, the host apologizing for the little food that was offered—although there was an abundance. There was only one thing lacking at the banquet—the presence of the little lad whose fire-crackers, on the Sunday before Pentecost, informed the natives of the coming installation of the Rt. Rev. Msgr. Cuthbert O'Gara, C.P., as Prefect Apostolic of the Passionists in China.

"Robbed Clean—Safe Kienyang"

THIS letter, written on June 15, 1930, by Rev. Father Dominic Langenbacher, C.P., was addressed to the Rt. Rev. Cuthbert O'Gara, C.P., Prefect Apostolic of the Passionist Missions in Hunan, China:

"Today I sent a telegram to your Paternity which read, 'robbed clean—safe Kienyang.' This is the explanation:

"Together with Father Gregory's man and my own boy, Gabriel, I left Ankiang after Mass the morning of the 13th. As the river was too high for travel and the land road to Hungkiang via Tai Ping Chang was reported safe, we chose the latter. No soldiers were suggested, especially as the Christians of Ankiang had come down by river from Kienyang only a few days previously after the celebration of Pentecost there. So we took no escort.

"The trip was made very nicely until after our noon-day lunch at Tai

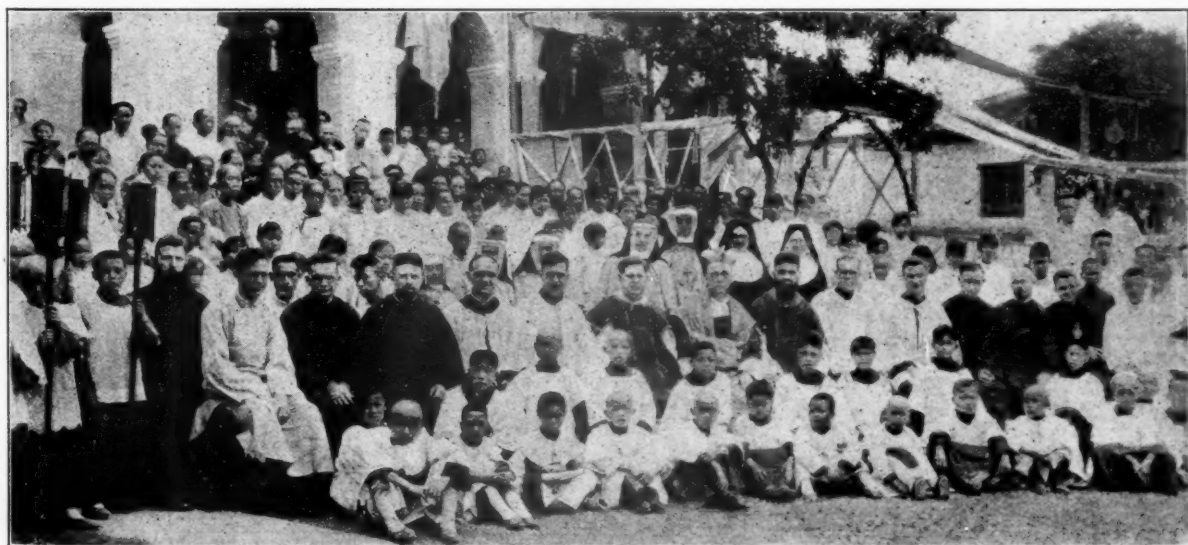
By DOMINIC LANGENBACHER, C.P.

Ping Chang 10 miles from Hungkiang. We were about to leave the place when some men with guns were seen to run before the inn at which we were stopping. Along with the rest I hastened to the street to see what it was all about, thinking the men with the guns to be the local home-guard. Immediately firing began up and down the street and from both sides of the town. Father Gregory's man then said that bandits were on us and for me to hide somewhere. The affair, however, came so suddenly and unexpectedly that all I could do was to retire in back of the inn where an embankment rose 15 feet high.

"It was not long before some of the outlaws entered the building calling out, 'Where is the foreigner?' The two boys answered that I was gone. The robbers then demanded

the key to my baggage. My boy Gabriel replied that he did not have it. They then forced open a large suitcase I had from Father Arthur and rummaged among its contents. The boys say the search was for money. During this time I was not yet hid but was simply standing below the embankment waiting for them to appear there. I waited for them to show themselves, being careful to make no noise to attract them. Then as I heard no more commotion in the rooms just in front of me I proceeded to conceal myself in a woodpile, stacking a few baskets about me. As it was I was poorly concealed and only the good Lord kept the rascals from stepping through the door when they surely would have found me. What they would have done, I know not.

"**I**T WAS not long before more shooting up and down the street occurred and the bandits returned to



The Attendants at the Installation of Monsignor O'Gara as Passionist Prefect Apostolic.

the inn a second time after about twenty minutes demanding to know where the foreigner was. But the boys pretended that I had gone. The robbers then said that Father Gregory's man had come in the chair and threatened to carry him off. He insisted that the foreigner had ridden in the chair and was gone; and if they wanted to they could take him, which would only be useless.

"FINALLY they desisted from this and left the premises, when one of my carriers came to me to report how things were going. Then, too, the landlord of the inn came to cover me more securely with a large affair which the Chinese use with which to dry vegetables and rice. During this respite I settled down still further in the gutter and mire, all the time keeping to my prayers—just short ones, the best I could say. A third time the outlaws returned demanding the foreigner and why the stupid fellows didn't come to my part of the premises I cannot say, except that the boys used several ruses which, with God's help, succeeded. And yet although I was cramped in my concealment I fared much better than the young woman of the house who had no better place than to immerse herself in the foul latrine about 30 feet from me.

"The raid on the town lasted an hour or so during which every now and then I could hear the signals of the plunderers being given with a whistle. At last Father Gregory's man came to me saying that the danger was past and with his help I got

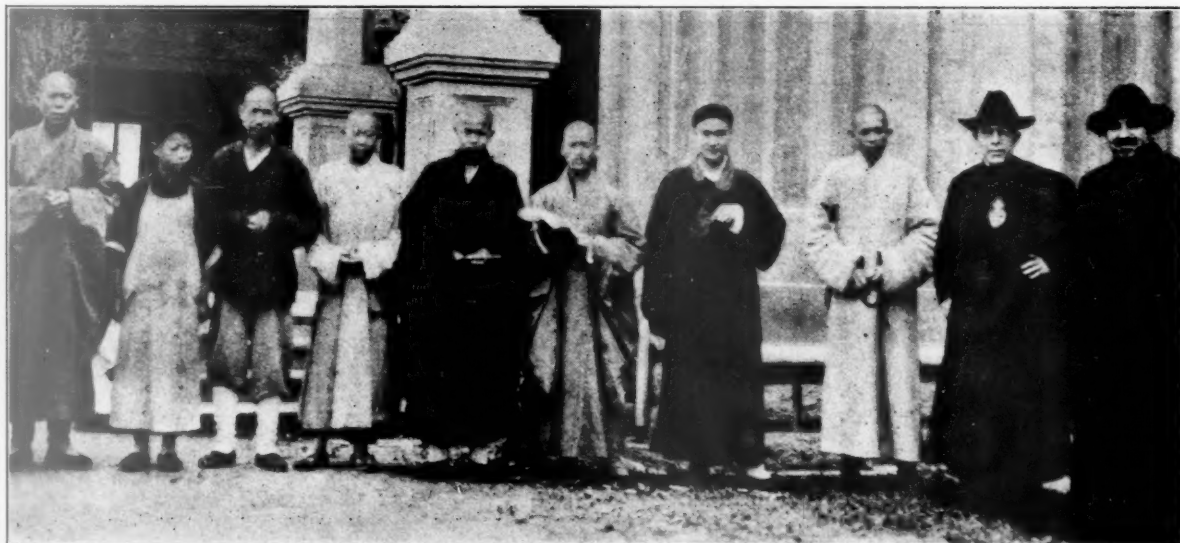
to my feet as by that time I was quite cramped. It seems the home-guard had finally assembled to drive off the bandits. These latter had forced into their service my four chair-carriers who with others had to carry off the loot from the town, all my belongings included, to the hills.

"We then held council with the inn-folk as to what I should do. They wanted me to disguise myself as a coolie and thus walk to Hungkiang. However, it was decided that I simply tuck my black *ifu* (native outer flowing garment) under one of the boy's arms and proceed in my Chinese under whites, striking out along the

road to Hungkiang. This we did very nicely. As we walked along we went over the incidents of the raid enjoying some of the humorous details. I was encouraging myself with my lucky escape from greater suffering and with the hope of a bath and a cup of coffee at the Protestant hospital at Hungkiang. But this was not to be. The river was greatly swollen and we arrived opposite Hungkiang too late to cross that evening. Being penniless we went to bed supperless in the attic of one of the tumbledown shacks along the river-bank from which dangle the bamboo cables used in towing rafts up the river. And yet we were mighty thankful to have even this to keep us off the streets.

"THE cable-makers did the best they could, one blanket for the three of us, which, of course, the boys insisted I should use for myself. Next morning we crossed to the city. Father Gregory's man borrowed a few dollars and hired a chair. Along the road to Kienyang we learned that we had one more dangerous spot to pass, but with the help of the Lord we came through safely, and you may be sure I enjoyed getting out of my dirty clothes, having a bath and getting into Father Gregory's lengthy garments. I am none the worse for this little experience. I am most thankful to Our Lord and His Mother for having brought us through so well and more than ever devoted to our faithful Catholics for standing by their priest so staunchly in trying ordeals.

LATEST reports from the Passionists Missions in China are disheartening. The capital of the Province of Hunan, where our Missions are situated, has recently been taken by the Communist army, has been pillaged and almost destroyed. We are hoping that the poverty of our Missions will protect them from the greed of the Reds. Most earnestly do we ask our Readers to pray with all fervor for the safety of our missionary Priests and Sisters. A bright day for China must dawn when our devoted missionaries will reap in joy what they have sowed in sorrow. Pray God to hasten that blessed day.



Fathers Arthur Benson, C.P., and Gervasio Rossato, O.F.M., Guests of Buddhist Priests at Buddhist Temple in Hankow.

The Siege of Yuanchow

THE Readers of THE SIGN will undoubtedly find the following account of the siege of our city here in China interesting.

On March 25 General Chen Han Chang was shot and killed by assassins in Hungkiang. According to reports, the orders for this killing had been given by a captain of the General's troops which numbered about 100,000, who were stationed here in Yuanchow. As soon as the news of the murder reached Yuanchow, the captain, Li Pao Chen by name, together with all his troops, set out for Hungkiang. His intention was to capture the city and thus secure control of the entire district. He was unsuccessful in carrying out his aim because of one captain who remained faithful to the late General. This Captain, Chen Ca, was then stationed in Kienyang.

When the new reached Yuanchow that the armies were approaching, the Kweichow troops retired leaving the unfaithful Li Pao Chen alone to meet them.

By May 2 Captain Chen Ca with all his troops from Changsha was at the city wall. He surrounded the city and immediately began to bombard it with cannon and rifle. The cannonade continued until 6:30 P.M. Early the next morning the firing was renewed but was not so heavy as on the first day. Large balls of iron, some weighing six to eight pounds, fell within the city, destroying roofs and injuring a number of people.

Fearful for the lives of the people, the Mayor with other public officials and a number of leading merchants called on Father Ernest Cunningham, C.P., and begged him to accompany them across the river to visit the Changsha General. The purpose of this visit was to beg the General to cease firing into the city. After a long conference, during which the whole situation was reviewed, Father Ernest agreed to accompany them on the visit early the next morning, May 5.

NEXT morning passed hour by hour without the Mayor's party putting in an appearance. It began to look as though the idea had been abandoned. Late that afternoon the party arrived and expressed regrets at the delay and declared themselves ready to depart at once. No time

By THE SISTERS OF ST. JOSEPH

was lost in setting out, but hardly had the party passed the western gate when the Mayor's party became panic stricken and rushed back into the city leaving Father Ernest to face the danger alone. When Father noted the cowardliness of these men he quietly returned to his mission.

It was but a short time before Li Pao Chen himself, accompanied by his bodyguard, was ushered into Father's room. Li pleaded with Father to accompany the men and promised him a safe escort to and from the opposing General's head quarters.

To cross the river in a sampan would require about half an hour and it was already past five o'clock. On reaching the shore the party sought the officer in charge of the entrenched troops, who very kindly gave them an escort to the General's quarters up river about two and a half miles.

The distance was covered in a downpour of rain and through the darkness of night. All were courteously received by the General. Once their mission had been properly explained the General gave his promise that all heavy firing would cease. The little band then made its way back to the first officer they had met. Here the officer offered them shelter for the night in his own quarters. During that night a special watch was kept over the Mayor for all feared

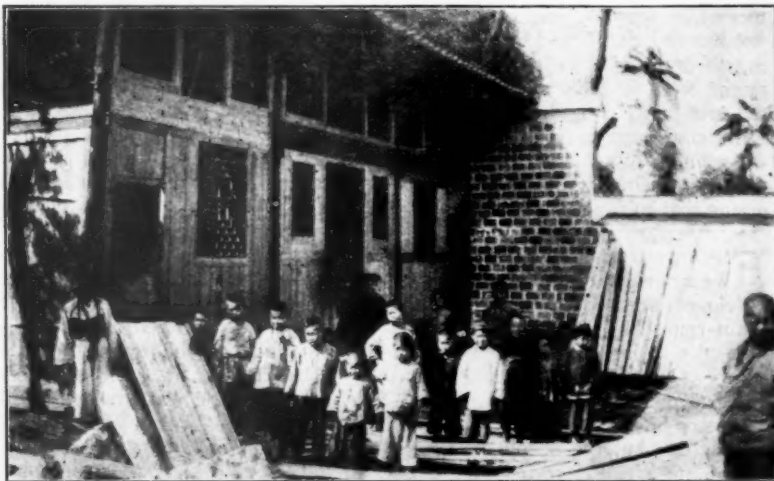
that he would attempt to escape.

To those at Father Ernest's mission that night was one of terror. All feared for his safe return and we had no means of knowing what had happened to him since he had entered enemy territory. It was a happy relief early the next morning when the ringing of the mission bell notified all that Father had returned safe and unharmed and that his errand of mercy had been most successful. One would have to be here to understand just how much risk he had taken in trying to do this act of charity. His account of the night's journey was one to call forth fervent prayers of thanksgiving to Almighty God.

The Protestant minister, Rev. Mr. Becker, called on Father while he was at breakfast and, while he rejoiced on Father's safe return and on the successful outcome, he impressed upon Father the really great risk he had taken.

RUMORS were rife on Tuesday, May 6; many were contradictory. On the afternoon of the next day, machine guns were tried out by those guarding the walls. This tended to awaken great fear in the people and before dark the inhabitants were behind well-locked doors.

The night was one made beautiful by a clear, full moon. It was so calm and quiet that the evening was spent by the Sisters in the yard with the children. When the hour for retiring arrived we all looked forward



Section of Catechumenate at Yungui Mission.



One of the Interesting Scenes at Lungshan Market.

to a good sleep. The hours passed by until the clock showed 12:30 A.M. Then the silence was broken with ominous sounds of firing. The field guns of our troops fired volley after volley on the besiegers of the city just as they attempted to scale the walls. This kept up for an hour.

The women and girls were huddled together in one dormitory where they sought to make their shelter safer by hanging heavily wadded *pukies* on the wall and on the poles of their beds. All prayed most fervently that we might be spared. The tile roofs were bullet-riddled but, thanks be to God, no harm came to anyone in the mission.

Not knowing but what the besiegers might force the gates, Father Ernest called us to the church and gave us Holy Communion. The church was in utter darkness save for the candles on the altar and the red glow of the sanctuary lamp. It was a scene that will live in our memories for all time. One could not but feel that Our Lord thus coming to one under such circumstances might well be Holy Viaticum. We did not tarry long because random shots continued to fall. Back again we went to our padded room, where prayers continued to rise in thanksgiving that so far we had been spared.

FIRING ceased, quiet returned and we again retired. We had scarcely closed our eyes when we were again roused by a new attack. This time the firing continued for two hours. Gradually it became less and less and once more we gained a little rest. There was little firing during the day but the people continued to feel uneasy. It seems that most of the fighting was done during the

night and in the early hours of the morning.

May 9 and 10 witnessed the bombardment of the four gates of the city. The firing was so heavy that the buildings shook with the reverberation. We were able to get first hand information concerning conditions from the soldiers who daily came to the dispensary for treatment.

While the besieging army numbered thousands of men, there were but seven hundred guarding the city from the walls. This will give you some idea of how important the walls of a city in China really are. Fighting continued until May 14, when peace terms were proposed. It was generally conceded that both sides agreed to them but little trust was placed in the word of Li Pao Chen. Everyone was on the alert to see what his next move would be.

Two days of peace passed by quietly when a warning came to the mission that Li intended to leave the city during the night of the 16th. It was further made known to us that he intended to take along with him the foreigners who would serve for his protection during his flight. A hiding place was immediately prepared for Father Ernest and for the Sisters. Another place was made ready for the large girls who might be carried away by the soldiers. Guards were posted inside the mission compound and, in a spirit of faith and trust, Sacred Heart badges were pinned on the walls, the gates and the doors. St. Michael's powerful intercession was invoked as the champion of our cause with God. A night watch was kept but no one attempted to enter the compound during the night.

News of the attempted escape of Li must have reached the besieging troops for a continuous bombardment was kept up all that night. At daybreak our vigil ended and we retired for a long-sought rest. Our guards, however, continued at their posts for two succeeding nights.

SUNDAY morning, May 18, the General who was to take over Li Chen's troops entered the city. His conditions were that if the terms of the peace pact were not complied with at once he would bomb the city. Li feigned to leave on the morning of the 19th, but was brought back by his own officers before he had gone far beyond the west gate.

A few soldiers made their way into the Mission Compound, but while their conduct was rough and noisy they did not disturb anything. Some fear was felt that a new outbreak might take place during the night after the soldiers had received their pay and were making merry.

Li bled the people for \$7,000 and it was given to him. The three days of the interregnum ended, Li signed the peace pact but continued to stay in Yuanchow. The gates were opened after having been closed for over two weeks and the people were at liberty again to enter and leave the city. Business was resumed and a new life seemed to come into existence.

Peace had come at last! What a nerve-racking time those two weeks were! During that space of fourteen days no one had enjoyed an entire night's rest. We shall never forget those trying hours when no one knew but that the next shell would land in our mission! Thanks be to God, little actual damage was done. The tiles on the roof were shattered and some windows in the new convent were broken. A few bullets fell within the enclosure and were later collected to be preserved as souvenirs of the Siege of Yuanchow.

God has been good to us and we are most thankful. We know, too, that the many prayers offered by the members of the Gemma League and by our friends in America were heard. Let us hope that the Readers of this account will thank God for our safety and that they will continue to pray that peace may come to this war-ridden land. At this writing, the prospects for anything like a lasting peace are very remote. The Reds seem to be getting the ascendancy. Our hope is in fervent prayer that God will defeat their efforts.

Gemma's League of Prayer

GEMMA'S LEAGUE is an association of those who carry on a systematic campaign of united prayer.

THE OBJECT: To bring the grace of God to others and to merit needed blessings for ourselves. In a very particular way to pray for the conversion of the millions of pagan souls in the Passionist Missions in Hunan, China, and to obtain spiritual comfort and strength for our devoted missionary priests and Sisters in their difficult mission field.

THE METHOD: No set form of prayers is prescribed. The kind of prayers said and the number of them is left to the inclination and zeal of every individual member. In saying these prayers, however, one should have the general intention, at least of offering them for the spread of Christ's Kingdom in China.

MEMBERSHIP: The membership is not restricted to any class. Men, women and children not only may join Gemma's League but are urged to do so. We are glad to announce that in our membership we have many priests, both secular and regular, as well as many members of various Religious Orders. The "Spiritual Treasury," printed every month on this page, shows interest taken by our members in this campaign of united prayer.

OBLIGATIONS: It should never be forgotten that Gemma's League is a strictly spiritual society. While, of course, a great deal of money is needed for the support of our Passionist missions in China, and while many members of the League are generous in their regular money contributions to the



GEMMA GALGANI.

SPIRITUAL TREASURY FOR THE MONTH OF JULY

Masses Said	21
Masses Heard	23,034
Holy Communion	17,972
Visits to Blessed Sacrament	43,632
Spiritual Communion	116,612
Benediction Services	9,600
Sacrifices, Sufferings	33,321
Stations of the Cross	10,361
Visits to the Crucifix	33,584
Beads of the Five Wounds	37,727
Offerings of Precious Blood	216,752
Visits to Our Lady	30,956
Rosaries	37,112
Beads of the Seven Dolors	5,744
Ejaculatory Prayers	1,603,574
Hours of Study, Reading	17,586
Hours of Labor	85,902
Acts of Kindness, Charity	29,855
Acts of Zeal	61,549
Prayers, Devotions	414,186
Hours of Silence	33,405
Various Works	83,745
Holy Hours	209

missions, nevertheless members of the League are never asked for financial aid. There are not even any dues required of members, though a small offering to pay the expense of printing the monthly leaflet might be reasonably expected.

THE REWARD: One who helps the spread of Christ's Kingdom on earth is hardly looking for any reward. We feel that the members of Gemma's League are satisfied with the knowledge that Almighty God knows their love for Him and knows also how to reward them for the practical display of their love! However, our members cannot be unaware that their very zeal must bring God's special blessings on themselves, their families and friends. Besides, they will surely merit the reward of an apostle for their spiritual works of mercy.

THE PATRON: Gemma Galgani, the White Passion Flower of Lucca, Italy, is the patron of the League. Born in 1878, she died in 1903. Her life was characterized by a singular devotion to the Sacred Passion of Our Blessed Lord. Denied the privilege of entering the Religious Life, she sanctified herself in the world, in the midst of ordinary household duties, and by her prayers and sufferings did much for the salvation of souls. Her "cause" has been introduced and we hope soon to call her Blessed Gemma.

HEADQUARTERS: All requests for leaflets, and all correspondence relating to Gemma's League should be addressed to the Reverend Director, Gemma's League, care THE SIGN, Union City, New Jersey.

"Restrain Not Grace From The Dead." (Eci. 7, 39.)

KINDLY remember in your prayers and good works the following recently deceased relatives and friends of our subscribers:

SISTER M. THECLA
SISTER M. MADELINE
SISTER M. ERNEST
JOHN J. CASEY
JOSEPH D. CASEY
ANNIE F. LANE
HANNAH MALONEY
ROSE NUGENT
ROBERT A. PAGNAN
MRS. VITALINE GOUTHIER
MRS. MAURICE DOODY
JOSEPH F. DONAHUE
OWEN GILLESPIE
CATHERINE MULHERIN
MISS B. M. HEFFERNAN
JOSEPH A. MOLLOY
MARGARET HAWK
C. P. VOORHEES
SOPHIA BUCHLER
JOHN McGREEVEY
JOHN J. HEENAN
JULIA J. McCAFFERTY
JOHN MAHER

HELEN BUCKLEY
SARAH CROCKER
EILEEN BALDWIN
MRS. JAMES HIGGINS
CORNELIUS MAHONEY
JAMES CREIGHTON
NICHOLAS DRAINE
JOHN NEWCOMBE
MARIE HALFPENNY
NELLIE O'BRIEN
JOHN KAISER
MARGARET MARY BYRNE
HELEN HARRINGTON
FRANK GANLEY
THOMAS COLBURN
FRANK DE LUCA
MARIE DE LUCA
MARY C. FLYNN
OLIVIA METZGER
MARY A. FLANAGAN
MARY E. FITZPATRICK
SAMUEL EMERY
MARGARET KERNEY
JOHN KENNEDY
FRANCIS RAYOLD
GEORGE DORR
CATHERINE DORR
MRS. H. A. DOHERTY
FRANK ADER
MRS. D. McSTRAVICK
JOSEPH J. CRANE

MARY McCANN
CATHERINE GARNER
MRS. M. F. BERRY
W. J. SCHWAMBORN
MR. T. S. KIRBY
WALTER A. MURPHY
CECELIA KILLEN
JAMES B. KILLEN
CATHERINE WELTY
JOHN B. FARRELL
JULIA BYRNE
JOHN DAITLE
EDWARD A. DILLON
MICHAEL FITZMAURICE
BRIDGET FITZMAURICE
CORNELIUS LYNCH
ELIZABETH RYAN
MRS. M. RYAN
MRS. JOHN CURRAN
MARY COX
ANN HEHER
MARY A. WYNNE
GEORGE HILDESHEIM
HENRY HILDESHEIM
ANNA E. MURPHY
MARGARET MITCHELL
PETER MITCHELL
MARGARET ALLEN
MONTIE J. O'CONNELL
HENRY McAULEY
MRS. R. E. PAYNE

WILLIAM H. EATON
ANNA B. FELIX
MARY A. FARRELL
MARY MARSHALL
MRS. H. A. HAASE
MRS. MATTIE B. MILLER
BRIDGET LENNON
MARY McLAUGHLIN
ANTHONY COLLINS
MRS. MARTIN KEOUGH
HOWARD GROVES
FRANCIS I. MOONEY
MARY MASON
PATRICK J. CARROLL
WILLIAM M. HAYDEN
MRS. K. M. CUNNINGHAM
JOHN A. KING
MARY J. MILES
FRANCES E. LEAHY
MARY MULHOLLAND
THEODORE B. MADDEN
MARY H. MAGUIRE

MAY their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed through the mercy of God, rest in peace.

Amen.

WHO WILL DIE TONIGHT?

THOUSANDS! Who they shall be, no one knows. I, myself, may be among them. From my heart I pray God that when the summons comes, no matter when or where, I may be ready to give an account of my stewardship.

Before I die I must settle my affairs. The things that concern my soul are of chief importance and must come first. I have today in which to get ready. Tomorrow may be too late.

Besides my spiritual affairs I must look after my worldly affairs. Have I made my will? What do I wish to become of my property? Even though I have very little to leave, I should give some of it to God's service.

LEGAL FORM FOR DRAWING UP YOUR WILL

I hereby give and bequeath to PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INCORPORATED, a Society existing under the laws of the State of New Jersey, the sum of (\$) for the purpose of the Society, as specified in the Act of Incorporation. And I hereby direct my executor to pay said sum to the Treasurer of PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INCORPORATED, taking his receipt therefor within months after my demise.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand this day of, 19

*Signed
Witness
Witness
Witness*



Painless Giving



A GOOD THING to have in the house is a Mite Box or a Dime Bank. They are convenient receptacles for your loose change. What you put into them you will probably not miss. This is a sort of painless giving. If you do miss it, so much the better for the cause for which you make the sacrifice. Self-sacrifice money has a double value; it has a certain buying power and it surely carries a blessing. Which do you want—the Box or the Bank? You can have both, if you wish.

ADDRESS: PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INC.,
THE SIGN, UNION CITY, N. J.

Just drop us a line asking for a Box or a Bank. It will be sent you by return mail!

Please write or print Name and Address very plain.

For Christ's Cause: Three Suggestions

1 **R**EADERS of THE SIGN, particularly of our mission department, cannot but be aware of the many and pressing needs of our missionary Fathers and Sisters in China. Their personal wants are few and simple. Were they seeking their own ease and comforts they would not abandon the luxuries of America for the hardships of China. They require a great deal of money for the building and maintenance of chapels, schools, orphanages, dispensaries, homes for the aged and crippled. They are dependent for this money upon the generosity of their American friends and benefactors. They do not look for large donations, but are counting on the consistent giving of small amounts. Please remember that they are grateful for pennies as well as dollars.

MISSION NEEDS

2 **N**OT ONLY do we need money for our missionaries already in the field; we also need funds for the education and support of young men studying for the holy priesthood. God is blessing our Order with an abundance of splendid vocations. Some of these aspirants pay full tuition, others pay part, but others are too poor to pay anything. No worthy aspirant, however, will be rejected simply because of his poverty. About \$300. per year is required for the support of an aspirant. To provide means for poor students we are appealing for student burses. A burse is \$5,000., the interest on which will support and educate a poor student in perpetuity. Can a better cause than that of bringing worthy young men into the priesthood of Christ appeal to the sympathy and generosity of a convinced Catholic? If you cannot give an entire burse, your contribution, however small, will aid in the starting or completing of a burse.

STUDENT BURSES

3 **I**T HAS been well said that it is a poor Will which does not name Our Lord Jesus Christ among its beneficiaries. No Catholic should ever forget that whatever he has he owes to God Almighty. To give His Cause some of it is doing Him no compliment whatever. He owns us and everything we have. May we suggest this special provision to be embodied in your last Will:

I hereby give and bequeath to Passionist Missions, Inc., a corporation organized and existing under the State of New Jersey, the sum of (\$. . .) Dollars, and I further direct that any and all taxes that may be levied upon this bequest be fully paid out of the residue of my estate.

The above clause incorporated in your last Will and Testament will enable the Passionist Missions properly and legally to receive whatever remembrance you care to make.

YOUR LAST WILL

**Your Cooperation Solicited! Address:
Passionist Missions, Inc., Union City, N. J.**

Where Put Your Money?

Get a Life Income
Help Christ's Cause

You can't take it with you!



Will you hoard or spend it!

Give it away or make a Will!

6 to 9%

Why not buy Life Annuities?

What is an Annuity Bond?

An Annuity Bond is a contract between Passionist Missions, Inc., and the holder of the Bond, who is called an Annuitant.

What does this Contract consist in?

The Annuitant makes an outright gift to Passionist Missions, Inc., and Passionist Missions, Inc., binds itself to pay a specified sum of money to the Annuitant as long as the Annuitant lives.

What is the amount paid to the Annuitant?

The sum ranges from six to nine per cent interest on the amount of the gift given.

What determines the rate of interest?

The age of the Annuitant.

When do payments on a Bond begin?

Interest is reckoned from day the Annuitant's money is received. First payment is made six months later and thereafter payments are made semi-annually.

When do payments cease?

On the death of the Annuitant.

If Bond is lost, do payments cease?

By no means. Payments are made regularly and promptly as long as the Annuitant lives.

What is the price of Annuity Bonds?

Five Hundred Dollars and upwards.

Are Liberty Bonds accepted?

Liberty Bonds, at their market value, are received in payment for Annuity Bonds, but not real estate or mortgages.

Can Annuity Bonds be sold by Annuitants?

No. An Annuity Bond has no market value.

How can I get an Annuity Bond?

Send to Passionist Missions, Inc., Union City, N. J., the sum you wish to give; also send full name, with date and year of birth.

What is Passionist Missions, Inc.?

It is a duly authorized Catholic Missionary Society incorporated under the laws of the State of New Jersey.

What are its purposes?

Its purposes, for which it uses the gifts of Annuitants, are the education of young men for the priesthood, and the spread of the Faith through home and foreign missions.

What advantages have Annuity Bonds?

1. **Permanence:** An Annuity Bond never requires reinvestment.
2. **Abundant Yield:** The rate of interest is the highest consistent with absolute safety.
3. **Security:** Annuity Bonds are secured by the moral as well as financial backing of the Passionist Order.
4. **Freedom from Worry:** Annuitants are relieved from the care of property in their old age, are saved from the temptation to invest their savings unwisely; and have the ease of mind obtained by the banishment of anxiety.
5. **Economy:** There are no commissions, lawyers' fees or waste in legal contests.
6. **Steady Income:** The income from Annuity Bonds does not decline.
7. **Contribution to the Cause of Christ:** An Annuity Bond makes the Annuitant an active sharer in the missionary work of the Passionist Fathers in building up the Kingdom of Christ at home and abroad, and a perpetual benefactor of the Passionist Order, participating in many rich spiritual blessings.

For further information write to

PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INC.,
Care of THE SIGN,
UNION CITY, NEW JERSEY.

